THE OPPORTVNITIE

A

COMEDY,

As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in *Drury* Lane.

Written by IAMES SHIRLEY.

LONDON.

Printed by *Thomas Cotes* for *Andrew Crooke*, and *Will. Cooke*, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Greene Dragon in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1640.

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TO MY TRVLY NOBLE, And my ever honored Friend, Captaine *Richard Owen.*

SIR,

THis Poeme, *at my returne with you, from another Kingdome (wherein I enjoyd, as your imployments would permit, the happineſſe of your knowledge, and converſation) emergent from the Preſſe, and prepar'd to ſeeke entertainment abroad, I tooke boldneſſe thus farre to direct to your name and acceptance; promiſed by my confidence in your love to Poeſie, wherein your cleare judgement and excellent abilities would at firſt have made mee leſſe adventurous. Be pleaſ'd till time mature a worthy ſatisfaction to your favours, to ſmile upon this tender of my gratitude, and while your ſervices call you hence to enlarge your honour, by making your faith and valour more exemplary againſt a rebellious enemy, let me preſerve a peace at home, in the contemplation of your friendſhip, and be happy to profeſſe my ſelfe*

Your humble Servant
and Honoror,

IA. SHIRLEY.

The Actors Names.

Aurelio.
Piſauro.
Pimponio.
Lucio.
Pietro.
Julio.
Mercutio.
Dutcheſſe and Ladies.
Ferrara.
Vrſini.
Cornelia.
Melinda.
Laura.
Borgia.
Aſcanio a Boy.
Aſca.
Grutty.

THE OPPORTVNITIE.

Act I. *Scene* I.

Enter Aurelio, Piſauro, and Pimpinio.

Aur.

EXpect me an howre hence, my friend and I
Will walke and ſee the Citie, make it your
Care to get Supper ready.
Pim. If I doe not
I know who's like to fare the worſe.
Au. And be not
Drunke Sirra at our returne.
Pim. Yes I doe uſe
To be drunke before you often. *Exit.*
Au. About your buſineſſe:
And how doſt like the towne, and ſituation.
Piſ. Trouble me not to anſwer ſuch dull queſtions,
I ſee nere a handſome girle yet, not a peece
Of a *bona roba*; and the Dutcheſſe hold
But the complexion of thoſe we ha ſeene,
I wonot be corrupted with the pallace
To be her bed-fellow.
Au. You'l change opinion;
Perhaps we ha ſeene none but the rubbiſh, yet

 Thoſe

There may be beauties ſignior will tempt
Your moſt faſtidious appetite, I feare
I ſhall have much adoe to ſtave thee from 'em,
Piſ. To quit that feare lets leave the Citie inſtantly;
The meale wonot diſgeſt women, I eate int.
Not ſtave me from em?
We are for the warres;
This towne will turne my blood, I wonot give
A *Inlio* for my courage in twelve houres,
Vnleſſe they tie their women up.
Au. Thou haſt,
A minde to ſhew thou canſt be ſatyre, patience
But till to morrow and wee'l hence.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Sir, let my heart preſent your welcome home,
Y'ave beene too long a ſtranger, I am happy
To imbrace you agen.
Au. Me, meaning me, dee know me?
Luc. I hope you are not jealous of my friendſhip,
I thought our familiaritie before
The ſad misfortune came that made you baniſh
Your ſelfe from *Vrbin* had poſſeſt you throughly,
How firme I dare be to you.
Piſ. Doe you know him?
Au. Doſt thou know him? I nere ſaw his eyes before
To my beſt memory, are you not miſtaken.
Lu. Perhaps in your affection which no art
Hath ever made me guiltie to deſerve,
I never did betray my friend to make you
Affect theſe clouds, but be it ſo.
Au. There is
But one halfe hower added to our ages
Since firſt we ſaw the Citie.
Lu. In good time.
I will be bold to acquaint ſome bawd elſe
In whom you have more faith. *Exit.*
Au. What Riddle's this.
Piſ. Is not the Gentleman o'th to ſides ons wits?

What

What did he call you.

Au. Nay I know not, he
Said we had beene familiar, in his dreame ſure,
For waking I nere ſa w him.

Piſ. You ſhould have ask'd his name.

Au. To what purpoſe prithee.

Enter Pietro.

Why does that Gentleman ſtare upon us ſo.

Pie. Are you return'd, this is confidence
You may repent.

Au. Save you ſignior.

Pie. And you too.

Piſ. Dee meane both ons?

Pie. One has ſome neede, yo're welcome Signior to *Vrbin.*

Au. Thanke you, what's your name I pray.

Pie. If you ha forgot mine, I remember *Borgia.*
A friend of yours, deſires but to renew
Acquaintance we'e.

Au. What friend. *Pie.* You will heare more.

Piſ. Iigges, ſhall I after him and knocke
Him o're the pate.

Au. For what.

Piſ. For looking on's
So ſcurvily.

Au. That may be dangerous,
Did he not name *Borgia.*

Piſ. But whether
He meant himſelfe or you I underſtand not.

Au. He might as well ha cald me *Bethlem Gabor*;
Lets walke on ſtill.

Enter Julio.

Iu. Ha *Borgia*, tis he, my noble friend returnd,
Welcome, a thouſand welcomes in thy boſome;
Why doe you weare this ſtrangeneſſe in your face,
Can a few yeares render me loſt to *Borgia.*

Au. Sure he does call me *Borgia.* *Iu.* Thou wert
Vnkinde in thy departure, with what devotion

Could I have beene a partner in thy travell
And have unequall fortune, being absent
Why was not I summond to wait upon thee
In any part o'th world, but againe welcome,
When arriv'd yee.

An. I am very like some body,
They all mistake me thus, we ha seene no friends since.

Iu. Is this Gentleman.

An. One deare in my acquaintance.

Iu. I am your servant, thy unexpected sight
Will glad *Mercutios* heart, your noble father
Who hath long mourn'd your absence.

Pis. Good old man,
He will rejoyce to see him here no doubt on't.

An. Remember my fathers name.

Iu. You have lost an Vncle, but all his estate
Your Father is possest of.

An. Dead! *Iu.* His age
Was fit for heaven, his wealth is added to
Your fathers to make yours the greater fortune.

Pis. Take it upon you. *An.* Pardon noble friend,
I was perswaded time and absence had
Wrought such a change upon my face, that no man
Would know me agen, but tho I may to some
Appeare a stranger, I must stand discover'd
To a friends penetrating eye, agen
Possest your faithfull servant, whats my name.

Iu. Deare *Borgia.*

Pis. *Borgia* I must remember you.

Iu. Shall I waite on you to your father Sir.

An. What were I best to doe.

Iu. Your sisters growne a gallant gentlewoman,
The onely beautie of *Vrbin*, and waits on
The Dutchesse, her soft lips will seale your welcome.

Pis. A handsome gentlewoman, goe.

An. He does but jeast, they are all witches here.

Pis. No more leeres.
Go or be lame for ever.

Au. Is she growne
Worthy that house you expresse, and his
The Dutchesse taken her to grace.
Iu. Tis more then whisper'd,
The favorite loves her.
Au. Who. *Iu.* He that was cause
Of your remove *Ursini.*
Au. Cry you mercy,
I know him well enough; but does he love her?
Iu. Tis rumord so ith court.
Pis. You will be tripping,
Your owne heeles up.
Au. I hope my sisters honest. *Iu.* Who *Cornelia,*
Au. Remember that name too.
Pis. Let me alone
To remember her, *Cornelia* for more
Securitie, Ile put her in my table booke.
Iu. There is no Lady in the preserves
A clearer fame, as modest as shees faire,
And so ingenious.
Pis. I would excuse
Her modestie, but she may be converted
In time; tho sturdy Oake we know, and so forth.

Enter Mercutio, Lucio

Au. You speake a welcome Character.
Iu. Your father
It seemes his willing care hath catcht the newes
Of your arive.
Pis. Kneele downe. *Au.* See if he first knows me,
Tis a wise father now knowes his owne child.
Mer. My dearest *Borgia*, comfort of my age.
My joy of soule, a fatherr prayers and blessing
Make thee a happy man, my eyes must speake
Part of my joy in teares, welcome from *Naples.*
Au. Your pardon Sir
That thus I steale upon you, I wod hope
My sister----
Pi. Cornelia.

Au. *Cornelia* is in health.
Mer. And will be a glad ſoule to imbrace her brother
Au. Your pardon Sir that I ſeem'd ſtrange to you.
Lu. 'Tis recompence now that you pleaſe to owne me.
Mer. *Iulio* an honeſt gentleman, and one
That loves us *Borgia.*
Au. I heare my Vncle
Has left us---
Pi. A good eſtate, ther's the leſſe cauſe
To mourne for him.
Au. We muſt all tread that path,
Here is a friend of mine to whoſe truſt and favour
I have beene much engag'd.
Mer. Sir what I want
In language, Ile ſupply with other welcome,
Pleaſe you to honour my poore wife.
Piſ: The ſervice
Of my unworthy life is yours, command it,
I wod you had another handſome daughter.
Mer. I preſume you were preſented a glad object
To *Lucio*, your affections grew from children.
Au. To *Lucio* we carry but one heart.
Piſ. Doe not forget his name now.
Mer. But my ſonne
We dwell to long thus publique, let us perfect

Enter Pietro.

Our ceremony at home, *Pietro*
One of the favorits creatures.
Pie. Tis the Dutcheſſe,
Command *Mercutio* you waite upon her
Preſently at Court, and bring young *Borgia*
Along wee to expect her graces pleaſure. *Exit.*
Mer. We muſt obey.
Au. What makes your countenance change Sir.
Mer. My feares poore *Borgia* for thee.
Au. For me.
Piſ. Howes that? his feares?
Mer. While my ag'd armes are in,

A loving contention to imbrace thee,
I wiſh thee from hence this ground betrayd thee,
Embarke agen, the Seas have uſd thee kindly,
Truſt them agen, or any land but this:
This will undoe us both, the joy of ſeeing thee
Made me forget thy danger.
Au. Danger Sir,
What have I done, to call theſe feares upon you?
Piſ. Take heede, be wiſe, I know not what to thinke on't
Mer. What haſt done ſaiſt, nothing to diſhonour thee,
Thou kildſt him fairely.
Piſ. Kild I thinke; you were beſt
Be *Aurelio* agen, and leave your ſiſter
But Ile fiſh out the circumſtance, walke melancholy.
Au. Prithee doe.
Piſ. Although your ſonne has pleaſd
To call me friend, I finde he has reſervd
Something he wod not credit to my boſome;
I have obſerv'd his trouble, but unwilling
By moving queſtions to renew his ſufferings:
If my particular knowledge of his fate
May be no prejudice, tho it be without
My verge to ſerve him, I can willingly
Share in their griefe that love him.
Mer. You ſpeake nobly,
Twas his misfortune Sir provok'd to kill
A Gentleman, brother to *Vrſini*, who
Was favorite to the Duke deceaſd, and now
Grac'd by the Dutcheſſe, by whoſe power he may
Command him dead, theſe ſummons I ſuſpect;
But take my counſell *Borgia*, and deceive
His expectation of revenge, once more
He bids thee flie; would ſlay thee in his heart,
Let me runne their diſpleaſure.
Au. Not for me Sir;
I am reſolv'd, 'tis better dye at home,
Then waſt my life an exile, Ile to Court we'e.
Piſ. Y'are not mad.

An. Thou art a foole, cannot I caſt
Borgias skin off when I pleaſe, I muſt
See my faire ſiſter at a mixtus warning,
Thou art evidence for me; father I waite you,
My ſiſters there you ſay, doe not doubt me;
At worſt, I le have a tricke to keepe my head on:
Come friend and Gentlemen.

Iu. We attend. *Exit.*

Enter Dutcheſſe, Vrſini, Cornelia, Melinda, Laura.

Du. You have prevail'd *Vrſini*: yet we thought
Of all men living you would leaſt have beene
A ſutor for his pardon, but tis ſign'd
He owes you for his life.

Vrſ. Your mercy rather,
I have conſider'd madam I did loſe
A brother, whoſe repaire I ſhall not finde
Now in anothers blood, the Gentleman
Hath ſuffer'd, though not what the Lawes determine.
Many yeares pennance, ſo ſevere, perhaps
That he is come by offering himſelfe now
A ſacrifice to your juſtice, to prevent
A death more killing, ſtill to live a ſtranger
To his owne friends and countrey.

Du. If your charitie
Extend ſo farre, the reſt we have diſpenc'd with,
He is return'd for certaine? he is either
Wearie of life, or maſter of a confidence
That might have beene his ruine.

Vrſ. This will make
Your art of mercy ſhine the brighter Madam.

Du. It will, but let me aske you good my Lord,
Does this proceede out of a cleare forgiveneſſe:
Time I allow may qualifie the thought
Of our revenge, and ſomething elſe of pittie
May ſo take off the roughneſſe of our ſoule
That we may have a noble charitie
To our enemy, but has your end no mixture
Of ſomething elſe, that may advance a hope

To ſatisfie deſire ſome other way?
No turne to profit or delight? be plaine
For I muſt know your breſt.
Vrſ. You ſhall ſee through me,
I dare not weare a thought leſſe than tranſparent,
I love his ſiſter Madam, faire *Cornelia*
With thoſe intents become me, in that flame
I ſacrifice all thoughts that wound her brother
And wiſh no happy ſatisfaction,
And by that charme of her conſent to love
My brother is redevind in *Borgia*.
Dut. Y'are briefe, yet plaine; how point *Cornelias*
Affections.
Vrſ. I have wooed her but in complement,
And tho there may be ſonnes to admit
My ſervices, I finde ſhe is all obedience
To her father, whom the apprehenſion
Of his ſonnes fortune may have indiſpoſd
To a preſent reconcilement.
Dut. This one act
Will make him kinde, and forme him to your wiſhes.
Vrſ. If they might have the happineſſe to be
Propounded by your highneſſe to *Mercutio*,
I propheſie ſucceſſe, pardon great Madam,
If after all your princely favors I
Begge this with many bluſhes, love is grac'd
By dwelling on your breath.
Dut. *Vrſini* ſince
The Duke dyed you have found no loſſe in our
Eſteeme, to his aſhes I have paid that dutie
To grace whom he affected, and be confident
We ſhall not deny this, is he not come yet?
Vrſ. He will attend your grace——who waits.

Enter Pietro.

Pie. Signior *Mercutio*
Expects your graces pleaſure, with him his ſonne
Borgia
Cor. My brother. *Dut.* Tho we pardon him

We muſt put on a brow of ſome diſpleaſure
And chide his fault, he may be encourag'd elſe
To a ſecond inſolence.
Vrſ. Gently I beſeech you,
There may be a puniſhment within your eye
To kill him, and ſo make the benefit
Is meant him, of no vertue, or to himſelfe,
Or my deſigne.
Dut. How is the name of gentleman
Diſhonor'd by ſuch deſperate undertakings;
That more then guiltie of humane blood, doe kill
Even Charity.

Enter Mecutio, Borgia, Piſauro.

Vrſ. Th'are admitted.
Dut. Is that he?
We ſent for you *Mercutio* to tell you
How much you owe to good *Vrſinis* love,
At whoſe earneſt ſolicite we have ſign'd
Young *Borgias* pardon, if you examine well;
You will have cauſe to place him in the firſt
Ranke of your friends.
Mer. Shall I beleeve my eyes,
My nnderſtanding? how is *Mercutio* bleſt?
Looke boy the pardon, heaven reward thy charities;
My Lord for ſaving one, command the lives
Of all our family, thou ſoule of honour;
Looke *Borgia*.
Piſ. What de'e meane
Kneele to the Dutcheſſe, and acknowledge.
Bor. What.
Piſ. A pardon for your life.
Bor. I am loſt here
Piſauro, an excellent creature.
Piſ. You'l ſpoile all,
Shee's yet your ſiſter, I doe like her too;
Kneele for your pardon, and you may chooſe your gallowes
In time, wood I were hanged on no worſe peece
Of timper, how nimbly would I climbe the Ladder,

Ha you no ſence? humble your knees to thanke
Her highneſſe and that gentleman.
Du. Why does
That fellow kneele *Urſini.*
Urſ. 'Tis Signior *Borgia,*
His heart is full of thankes.
Du. I looke not for em,
What doe I ſeele? command him riſe.
Urſ. Deare Madam.
Looke calme upon him.
Piſ. Shee'l reverſe the pardon.
Cor. Are you my brother Sir?
Bo. As ſure as you are my ſiſter; do you doubt me.
Cor. How now *Cornelia,* pray excuſe me brother,
My joy to ſee you ſafe doth halfe tranſport me.
Du. Mercutio.
Piſ. I am converted now,
And doe beleeve there are ſome hanſome women;
Young Gentleman, not too much, too much at once,
Remember y'are her brother, he is taken.
Mer. Your grace is pleaſd to enlarge my happineſſe;
My daughter is much honor'd, but I muſt
Beſeech your Lordſhip to allow we may
In ſuch a cauſe as this, enquire her judgement,
And ſince by'th bounty of your highneſſe, I
Have a ſonne now, whoſe joy may be concernd in't;
I would not willingly conclude her marriage
Without his voyce too.
Urſ. I am confident
To incline his favour, ſince ſhe has declar'd
Herſelfe no enemy.
Du. Cornelia.
Urſ. Sir I have a ſuite to you.
Bo. You have deſerv'd
My life, which ought to waſte it ſelfe in ſervice.
Urſ. I am an honorer of your faire ſiſter,
It reſts in you to perfect my ambition.
And make her mine.

Bo. How do you meane my Lord.
Pis. Now hee's put toot, she is *Vrsinis* mistresse.
As he is *Borgia*, he can have no
Pretence to oppose him, if he discover
And be *Aurelio* agen, he destroyes all
Hope for himselfe, for I perceive hee's taken with her
I know by the motion of his nose, which pants
Like the Bellowes of an Organ.
Vrs. Sir your fathers
Voyce speakes in yours, you now command my destinie
If you will make me happy.
Bo. Noble Sir,
I am sorry where such infinite merits plead
I have no power to serve your noble wishes,
And keepe the honour of a gentleman.
Vrs. Your family I take it can receive
No staine by my alliance.
Bo. 'Twere a blessing.
Pis. How will he come off?
Bo. Mistake not I beseech you,
I have already engaged my selfe to a Gentleman
Of a noble house in *Millan*, one *Arelio*
Andreozzi.
Pis. Thats himselfe.
Bo. Who on the sight of
Her picture which I gave him, courted me
To wooe the substance for him, promising
To follow me in person, being one
To whom I had many obligations
In the *Millan* Court, I paund the credit
Of a gentleman, to assist his faire desires,
If in few dayes he come to *Urbin*, but
I am confident his young affections
Which had no other life but what a dead
Representation could infuse, will soone
Vanish agen, and leave me to be serviceable
In what you will command me, and be sure
I will not racke your patience to much length;

If in few dayes he appeare not, I will thinke
My promiſe diſobliged, and direct all
My abilities to make your wiſhes proſper:
It will become my gratitude.
Urſ. You ſpeake nobly.
Bo. The pleaſures of the Court will ſo abate
His thoughts this way, that I preſume your Lordſhip
Will ſoone be maſter of that amorous province
You aymeat, and much honour your poore ſervants.
Urſ. Let this confirme I am yours.
Piſ. So ſo, this was indifferently well carried, I was jealous
Of a more lame come off.
Urſ. Adde this one
To your other princely favours Madam, and
Admit this gentleman to kiſſe your hand.
Dut. Without much ſuite my heart woule have conveyd
That to my lip, a very handſome gentleman.
Cor. What ſayd the Dutcheſſe? doe not her eyes fix
Upon my brother? how now *Cornelia*,
I am his ſiſters ſiſter, yet I had
No acquaintance with this turbulent paſſions
When I laſt ſaw him.
Mer. What does her highneſſe meane,
She ſpeakes to *Urſini*, but her eye directs
Some language this way, *Borgia* doſt obſerve?
Bo. And wonder, but I ſee nothing in her eyes
To be afraid of.
Piſ. If the Dutcheſſe ſhould be in love with him
Here were a purchaſe, I doe verily
Beleeve here will be an end of all our warres,
If he have but the grace to march upon
This ſervice and charge home, ſmiles, ſmiles upon him
Well *Aurelio Andreozzi*, tis very poſſible
You may meete with your match if he mount her,
Ile bring a Ladder to his ſiſters fort
And then the town's our owne, ſhe calls him to her.
Mer. *Cornelia*, canſt thou interpret this?
Cor. Her grace is very pleaſant, good good heart

Bē patient.

Piſ. She plaies with him, good, better,
I, is your ſpirit up my nimble Dutcheſſe,
Would I had the conjuring of it downe, *Vrſini*
Lookes like a whelpe had loſt his taile alreadie.

Vrſ. I was jealous ſhe would chide and frowne upon him,
praid her be gentle, and looke calme, Iſt come
To this.

Du. Vrſini, I have thought how to ſupply
That place of Secretary that is vacant, ſee
That *Borgia* be ſworne, we apprehend
His fitneſſe.

Vrſ. Madam.

Du. I hope this will pleaſe you
Vrſini, we can grace whom you preſent;
He is more gentleman than to forget
How for your ſake we honor him; I ſhall
Betray too much of women, *Borgia*
Attends us; come *Cornelia*, *Vrſini*,
Mercutio, make the Court not ſo much ſtranger. *Exeunt.*

Bo. Ile follow: what doſt thinke of this *Piſaura.*

Piſ. I thinke the Dutcheſſe loves thee, and make uſe on't,
Loſe no applications, thar't her Secretary,
A degree to more inward indeerements,
If ſhe doe love thee, and ——

Bo. What prethee?

Piſ. Shee knowes beſt
What appetite ſhe has, let mē counſell thee,
Be not modeſt, we are made.

Bor. What?

Piſ. Thy father a Count, thou a Duke, *Vrſini*
A Coxcombe, I a fine gentleman, and one
That would be glad of the worſt of your
New female acquaintances.

Bo. There are no faces here.

Piſ. Be not you a Tyrant, Ile doe pennancē
In a white ſheete with thy ſiſter for't. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Pimponio.

Pim. NO Signior *Aurelio* come yet? No maſter to be heard on, he is a fine Gentleman to uſe his Squire o' this faſhion; where ſhould he be, hee commanded me not to bee drunke, he is drunke; and drunke and dead drunke, hee would have had the grace to reele home to his lodging before this time of night elſe: let me ſee, what if the fleſh have led him a to ſide? He is falne into ſome brake, ſome wench has tyed him by the legges, and nothing elſe can excuſe him to me; yet now I thinke on't, he does forget *Pimponio*, he was not wont to be his owne purveyor, my art for the choice of his Pullin, has beene allow'd if he doe get and ſo forth an excuſe for Phyſicke, and come home founderd, the diſeaſe was none of my chooſing, it came not through my office; ſtay, what if my Signior be dead? umph? dead? my heart miſgives, they may be kild, my maſter has the ſpirit of fighting in him, and his companion is the Divell at it, an aglet hole or two in their hearts, and in a ſtrange place, my Signiors, are never miſt, tis ſo, if he bee dead — bring forth the Port-Mantue.

Enter Aſcanio, a Boy.

Aſc. Sir?

Pim. Bring forth my Port-mantue my demitive knave, and tell thy father I would ſpeake with him, he is dead, he would not have truſted me ſo long with his mony elſe, now will I make my ſelfe his heire, defie the world and *Aurelios* Ghoſt; but firſt of all I muſt outface mine hoaſt, ſo let me examine; very good lynings, bagge and baggage, you are mine owne,

Enter Aſca.

Thy father call him hither.

Aſ. He is comming Sir, tis very late.

Pim. Never too late to tell money, fetch me a brace of gennets I will mount em, a Covey of Curteſans; ſtay *Pimponio*, be not mad before thy time, who ſhall I ſay I am? a Prince at leaſt; I have it;

Enter Grutty.

Here

Here comes mine Hoſt.

Gr. What would this fellow have, no newes of your maſter?

Pim. Speake that word no more on thy allegiance, here goe to bed and riſe with a cleane ſhirt.

Gr. This is gold, what does the fellow meane?

Pim. No fellowes neither, tis time to ſhew my ſelfe, where is thy boy?

Aſ. Here Signior.

Pim. Kneele downe and aske me bleſſing.

Aſ. This does looke a bleſſing, ſhall I aske another?

Pim. Aske any thing but what I am.

Aſ. You are——

Pim. Stay there, 'tis dangerous to pronounce me yet, I will be ſtill diſguiſd, my men are abſent.

Aſ. Your men.

Pim. Thou art wiſe, thine eare, I am a Prince.

Gr. How Signior.

Pim. The reaſon of my ſhape thou ſhat know hereafter, thus *Iove* has beene diſguiſd.

Aſ. Is not your name *Pimpoiw?*

Pim. It was my pleaſure they ſhould call me ſo, I have not found 'em truſtie;

How fares the Dutcheſſe?

Aſ. What doe I heare?

Pim. This boy ſhall waite on me, Ile have yee all.

Gr. Whether?

Pim. What Countrey ſhall I chooſe? to be a Prince of *Italy* is too well knowne, *Spaine* ſtands convenient, and far enough, where I have beene too, Ile have you all to *Spaine*.

Aſ. What to doe Signior?

Pim. For your preferments, when thou haſt got a chapman for this tub thou liv'ſt in, let me know't.

Gr. Boy this a *Spaniſh* Prince.

Aſ. A Prince of Oranges, he a *Spaniſh* Prince?

Pim. They wonnot travell thither to diſprove me, to tell the truth, I ſuſpect my two Groomes have betrayd me; I come hither to be a ſuitor to your Dutcheſſe.

Aſ. In theſe cloathes?

Pim.

Pim. You doe not know my plot, these Gentlemen my servants should cunningly have prefer'd mee to be the Dutchesse Foole.

Gr. Her Foole? tis very likely.

Pim. But for a time, there's mystery in that
By this meanes I resolv'd to try her nature
And disposition ere I married her,
For I can have at this present foure Kings daughters, the eldest of 'em is but seven yeares old, which shewes the parents dote upon me, and wod make sure of me betimes.

Gr. I doe beleeve your grace.

Pim. Grace, umph, thou must be advanc'd, let me see, what office, oh, thou shalt have a place at my returne in the Gallies, dost heare, a yerking preferment.

As. And what shall I bee?

Pim. Thou shalt be—a *Picaro*, in your language a Page, my chiefe *Picaro*; by degrees you may send for all your generation, I will see them mounted.

Enter Pisauro.

Pis. Where's *Pimpanio*. (man.

Pim. A pox Pimpe you, they are alive agen, now am I a dead

Pis. There is a certaine moveable ecclip'd a Port-mantue.

Pim. Wod your tongue had beene clip'd.

Pis. Wherein there are some golden friends of ours.

Pim. All your friends are well.

Pis. Let me see their complexions, where are they? looke for the Signior your master a moneth hence?

As. His master, de'e observe?

Pim. Does hee not carry it handsomely, hee knowes not I have discovered my selfe to you. (guisd?

As. With your pardon Sir, is not this Signior a Prince dis-

Pis. A Prince of Puppets, who *Pimpanio*?

As. And you one of his servants, to whom with
Your other fellow cal'd Signior *Aurelio*,
His person stands discover'd, he came hither
To court our Dutchesse, he has promisd us
At his returne to *Spaine* to make us Grandees.

Pis. Has he betrayd himselfe, nay then my dutie

If pleaſe your excellence. *Pim.* Away, away.

Piſ. A Prince cannot be hid tho under mountaines,
But my deere Prince, the bagges muſt goe with me
While you keepe ſtate ith Inne.

Pim. Who ſhall maintaine.

Piſ. If I did thinke thou wouldſt carry it hanſomly—
Well, Ile excuſe thee to thy maſter, here
When thou haſt domineerd away this bagge
Thou maiſt heare more; keepe thine owne counſell, and
Thy maſter ſhannot owne thee, if thou haſt
Any fagary, drinke, and indulge thy *Genius*;
Ile ſee thee agen before thy raigne be our,
No words but be a prince, and ſcorne to know us
And ſo I take leave of your excellence.

Pim. I ſhannot know my ſelfe, am not I a Prince
Indeed, that have beene long conceald? this is a bagge
And full of golden friends, umph, however I will
Spend it like an Emperour, theſe are not robes
Fit for a Prince I take it, *Grutti*, boy
I entertaine you both my Groome and Page, and
Say unto you, Snakes goe caſt your coates,
Here's earneſt for new skins, when things are ripe
We will to Court.

Gr. What thinkes your grace of going to bed

Pim. I am too ſober, let the whole houſe be drunke firſt,
'twill pleaſe us well to ſee the ſervants gamboll, we purpoſe
To be drunke our ſelves in ſtate too:
Let me have fiftie ſtrumpets. *Gr.* Fiftie trumpets.

Pim. Strumpets I ſay, they'l make the greater noiſe.

Aſ. Your grace will be a *Hercules*.

Pim. I will, and thou ſhalt be Captaine of the *Pigmies* under me, this roome's too narrow, beate downe the walls on both ſides, advance your lights and call the Country in, if there be a Taylor amongſt 'em he ſhall firſt take meaſure of my highneſſe, for I muſt not longer walke in *Quirpo*.

Both. We attend your excellence. *Exeunt.*

Enter Julio and Lucia.

Lu. I'me loſt i'th wonder *Julio*.

Iu. A ſtrange turne
From that could temper we imagin'd
In her Highneſſe.
Lu. I have heard of charmes and philters.
Iu. If travell have theſe glorious effects
Ile abroad too.
Lu. He has a hanſome perſon.
Iu. And diſcourſes grant it.
Lu. Is maſter of a noble ſoule.
Iu. Soule, nay let that alone, Ladies doe not looke
After the ſoule ſo much, the body will ſerve their
Turne, ſo it be nimble, and at their devotion,
If you obſerve, he is grac'd by all the Ladies
As if he were their generall minion,
I doe not like his ſiſters eyes upon him,
They whirle too much and ſeem'd to ſhoot an envie
Vpon the Dutcheſſe favors.
Lu. I am confident
Thou haſt no murmer in thy thoughts againſt him.
Iu. I but expreſſe my wonder,
In that I thinke the whole Court had a ſhare:
He knowes I love him, twill become his feare
How to ſecure *Urſini*.
Lu. He preferd him
Firſt to her highneſſe.
Iu. Not with expectation
To be ſupplanted, I make queſtion
If the humor hold, whether ſhee may not marry him,
That's a round higher then her favorite:
Had hope to climbe.
Lu. Although I honour *Borgia*
And wiſh him heartily advanc'd, I wod not
Kneele to him, my voyce is for *Ferrara*
He is a Prince, I wod not for my ſtate
This ſhod breake off his treatie.
Iu. Thy Embaſſador
To his maſter, he is ſcarce minded.
Lu. Come ſhe cannot,

Fall ſo low, the paſſion is too violent
To laſt — who are theſe? *Enter Urſini, and Ferrara.*
Iu. The Embaſſadour and *Urſini*, whats the matter?
I feare ſome diſcontent.
Urſ. My Lord let me
Prevaile ſo farre, I hope you imagine I
Am firme to you, I have more cauſe to be
Impatient, my whole ſtrength at Court's concernd,
But have more noble thoughts then to ſuſpect
You can be ſlighted, thinke tis but a dreame
In juſtice to your cauſe, and royall maſter
Put on no face of diſcontent, returne
And ſee how things will cloſe
Fer. 'Tis an affront
Bove ſatisfaction, but the diſgrace
Reflects beyond my perſon.
Urſ. Had ſhe ſtudied
Honours to his ambition, it had
Not wrong'd her prudence, to have ſhewne you more
Reſpect.
Fer. But I was not conſiderable;
The young Gentleman had taken up her eyes,
Her tongue, her feete, her underſtanding too,
I might have witherd in my ſeate, no beame,
No diſcourſe this way, but that once ſhe was pleaſd
To aske me how I lik'd the gallants dancing,
Ile not diſturbe her revels. *Urſ.* Yet my Lord
Have ſo much fortitude, 'twill be a meanes
If you returne, to make her finde her errour
To your perſon, were ſhe not my Princeſſe
I ſhould profeſſe my ſelfe aſham'd, but come
Let me beſeech you to goe backe, leave not
The preſence ſo, for your owne honour Sir
Obſerve a little more, I hope you ſhannot
Repent my counſell.
Fer. I wod ye wod excuſe me,
I ſhall but vex my eyes.
Urſ. Expect a change.

Fer.

Fer. You have power with me my Lord.
Vrſ. You honour me. *Exit.*
Iu. What will become o' this, what thinke you now?
They doe reſent it, and for ought I heare
Have little hope to mend it.
Lu. Can ſhe be
In love ſo ſoone, well *Borgia*, if this
Hold, Ile applaud thy fate.
Iu. For after this
Allowance, hee'l be Duke of *Vrbin* to morrow,
Give thee joy bully, let me ſee if he
Turne Prince, tis beſt for us turne beggers.
Lu. Beggers?
Iu. Court beggers, Hee'l deny us nothing,
Now for ſome witty knave to finde out ſuits,
I muſt keepe ſome in penſion for that purpoſe,
They are profitable vermine, *Enter Piſauro.*
His companion.
Piſ. Save you Gentlemen, what de'e meane?
Why ſtand yee bare?
Lu. In being *Borgias* friend
It will become us.
Iu. He knowes no title yet,
But chiefe ſecretary to her highneſſe, what honours
Are in her breſt laid up for him, we know not
He has a mounting fate, and in his we
Pronounce you happy.
Piſ. We ſhall all be Princes
In time; but Gentlemen lets be more familiar
We thinke ſo well of things, does he preſerve
The Dutcheſſe ſmile, or does ſhe uſe to make
At ſome time o' the Moone ſport with her ſubjects.
Iu. You are wide all the heaven Sir, had you come
A little ſooner you had heard diſcourſe. *Enter Borgia.*
To cleare your doubt, hee's here himſelfe.
Bo. Piſauro,
What will become on's, tis as thou ſaiſt?
Piſ. What prethee?

Bo. The Dutcheſſe is mad.
Piſ. How!
Bor. Why ſhe is certainly in love, ſhat in and ſee
How I am us'd, and yet I now come forth
To recover breath, I ha danc'd my ſelfe to a jellie,
The Ladies ha no mercy; but the Dutcheſſe
Piſ. What prethee.
Bo. Is as I told thee mad, I prethee counſell me
Altho her grace be pleaſd to ſhew me favors
'Twere boldneſſe to beleeve, and thanke her.
Piſ. How?
I hope thou art not mad.
Bo. I know not whether
The fit will laſt, I may hold ſome proportion
With *Cornelia*, my ſuppos'd ſiſter, ſhe
Poore wretch does caſt ſuch ſpeaking eyes upon me
As ſhe were Iealous of the Dutcheſſe too,
And wrings me by the hand when I dance with her.

Enter Pietro.

Pie. The Dutcheſſe Sir calls for you.
Bo. I attend;
What were I beſt to doe?
Piſ. Doſt make a queſtion
Loſe not the fortune that's preſented in
The Dutcheſſe love, thy ſtarres ordaind thee for her;
Ile make a ſhift with *Cornelia*, looke high
And proſper, when th'art a Duke, I ſay no more
Bo. What ſhall's doe with *Pimponio?* that foole
May betray all.
Piſ. He is a Prince before you
I ha made him ſure, and ſwolne him into a pride,
He ſhall not know you, but of that hereafter,
Away and pleaſe the Dutcheſſe.

Enter Dutcheſſe, Ladies, Ferrara, Urſini.

Bo. Your graces pardon?
Du. 'Tis late, good night my Lord Embaſſador. *Exit.*
Fer. 'Tis well I am bid goodnight, yet all my hopes
Vaniſh in miſts, what thinke you now coſin?

Vrſ. I know not what to thinke, let me waite on you
To your lodgings.
Fer. They joyne toth' Court.
Vrſ. 'Tis the leſſe ſervice.
Fer. To morrow morning if I may be honor'd
With your preſence, I will impart a ſecret to yon,
And be happy in your Counſell.
Vrſ. I obey
Any commands.
Fer. For this time give me pardon, goodnight my Lord. *Ex.*
Vrſ. A happy night to your Lordſhip,
After ſo many yeares ſpent in the Court,
I am to learne the tricke on't, theſe are actions
Gainſt my firſt rules, I am ignorant
Of this new Court philoſophy, what ſhould
The Dutcheſſe meane, ſo prodigall of her graces
To one ſhe ſcarſe remembers, with ſuch open
Neglect to th' Dukes Embaſſador? I was carefull
She wod not uſe him kindely enough, wert not
Affection to his ſiſter, lyes up my
Revenge, Ide drop it on his heart, but I
Muſt worke with art, and by a Counter magicke
Diſſolve his ſpell, or forme him to my purpoſe.

Enter Laura and Melinda.

You have beene waiting on the Dutcheſſe Ladies?
Lau. She diſmis'd us. *Vrſ.* With what circumſtance?
Is ſhe ſtill pleaſant?
Mel. Strangely altered
Since young *Borgia* tooke his leave and melancholly:
Well, I ſuſpect——
Vrſ. What Madam?
Mel. Sheele ſcarſe ſleepe
To night, for dreaming oth' Gentleman.
Vrſ. He is gone then?
Lau. Yes, we ſaw his departure my Lord,
He kiſt us both, but we put forward firſt,
He is the hanſomſt Gentleman; dee thinke
He weares his owne haire?

Mel.

Mil. I was about
To aske him once, but thought he was modeſt
And wod ha bluſhd, I wod I had his picture.
Urſ. His ſubſtance Madam, but take heede, the Dutcheſſe
Muſt have no rivall, how dee affect his talke?
Lau. That was not my part to obſerve, we did divide
Our Provences, each Lady tooke a member
To examine, when we have conferd our notes
Ile tell yee what the body of Ladies thinke on him.
Mel. Nay wee'l take him a peeces e're we ha done.
Urſ. And who ſhall ſet him together agen? my Ladies
I waite on you.
Lau. Your Lordſhip will too much honour us.
Urſ. 'Tis the way to my owne lodging.
Mel. If it were not the way my Lord, your Lordſhip
Could not be deſtitute of a lodging at Court.
Urſ. Your Charitie would releeve me, uſe my ſervice. *Exit.*

Enter Ferrara and Pietro with a light.

Fer. There is no ſuch affliction to the ſoule
As that which ſhould preſerve it, love, a paſſion
That with conſent betrayes our underſtanding,
And leaves man but a heape of flame and ruins;
I was ſafe till I had ſeene her, buſie fame
Tooke but poſſeſſion of my eare, my owne
Raſhneſſe and vanitie engagd my perſon
To ſee what was commended, and I ſuffer for't,
Leave me.
Pie. Tis darke my Lord.
Fer. Thou ly'ſt, tis light
And by theſe fires I ſee too much, away,
I ſhall ſoone reach my lodgings, night and I
Shall agree well together, if my ſtay
Be long, remember that you left me under
The pallace windowes, leave to be officious
And obey me——till this night ſhe gave me faire *Exit.*
Reſpect, and ſeem'd to allow the loving treatie,
I was dull not to uncloud me all this while
The knowledge of my perſon had engagd her

Beſide

Beſide my act of love, and ſo much confidence
Paſt all retreate, and yet ſhe is a woman,
Whoſe nature is unſteady as the waves,
Vpon which fooliſh man runnes deſperate
To me a ruine. *Enter Borgia.*

Bor. Fortune thou ſmilſt too much, I ſhall ſuſpect
Thy giddineſſe, take eyes to thee and ſee
To what a flattering height thou haſt exalted
A credulous man.

Fer. What voice is that, it had
A ſound of melancholy, darkeneſſe ſecure me.

Bor. But why make I ridiculous application
To fortune? love is onely active here;
The tyrant love, more blinde then chance, I am
Full of diſtraction, there's a labyrinth
Within, and more I tread, the more I am loſt
Betwixt the Dutcheſſe and *Cornelia*
My ſoule divids, I muſt not be a foole,
And for the fable of amorous love
Leave ſtate that courts me with a glorious title,
And yet *Cornelia* is fury, and lookes
Withall the charmes of love upon her brow,
What will ſhe doe when ſhe beleeves I am
No brother?

Fer. Tis the new ague *Borgia*
That ſhakes the court, how confidently he talkes
To himſelfe, a light ſtrikes from the Dutcheſſe window
And mucſike; Ile obſerve, the gallant may
Have ſome appointment. *Song.* *Cornelia above.*

Bo. Alas poore love-ſicke Lady, what if I
Attempted farther, the excuſe will fall
More eaſie on a ſtranger, Lady, hiſt.

Cor. Whoe's that?

Bo. One that does wiſh the happineſſe
To ſee your face, you have bleſt my eares already:

Cor. What are you?

Bo. My name's *Borgia*, if you be
A faire one of the court, time is not old

Since I was a gueſt there.
Cor. 'Tis he, Ile not loſe
This opportunitie, Sir your boldneſſe
Speakes you a ſtranger, and in part excuſes
You are alone.
Bo. I am. *Cor.* I expect not
Vpon ſo ſmall acquaintance you ſhould know
My voyce agen, I am the Dutcheſſe Sir.
Bo. Your graces humble creature, may I hope
You'l pardon this attempt.
Cor. Vpon condition
You will forget the freedome of our nature
And not grow inſolent upon our favours,
We were late pleas'd to ſhew you, 'twas not love
But mirth, we meant our court the wantonneſſe
Of reveling nights, which we upon retirements
Know how to checke and punniſh too in men,
That dare licentiouſly apply to our
Diſhonour: if your ſervice in that place
Of ſecretary we have nam'd you for
Be diligent and faithfull, we repent not
That choiſe, but on your life feede no ambition
Higher, it will be a degree next treaſon
To us, and the honour of *Ferrara's* Duke,
With whom becauſe you are our ſecretary
We let you know our thoughts are fixt to marry,
Fer. What bleſſing hath my care tooke in? ſhe is
Reſolv'd to my deſires.
Cor. Are you gone Sir?
Sleepe wiſely if you can, we ſhall expect
Your attendance in the morning, but no thought
On forfeit of your life bey ond whats dutie.
Fer. I have enough to morrow I reſolve
To be my ſelfe, and with a ſtate becomming
Ferraras Duke, challenge this happineſſe,
Forgive deare Princeſſe I ſuſpected thee. *Exit.*

Enter Dutcheſſe above.

Cor. The Dutcheſſe ſhee'l ſpoyle all.

Dut. I heard your voyce more loud then uſuall,
Whom ſpake you to?
Cor. Heer's no body and pleaſe your grace.
Dut. You hold ſome dialogue at the window then,
Ile know.
Cor. My brother *Borgia* Madam.
Dut. Borgia, leave us. *Cor.* I hope hee's gone.
Bo. I muſt confeſſe you are my Princeſſe Madam,
To whoſe leaſt command I owe my blood and fortune.
Dut. He ſpeaks to me, how does he know I am here?
Bo. And doe not thinke I can be loſt ſo much
In dutie to interpret there was any thing
In me, that could deſerve more then your paſtime;
And let me fall and dye beneath your anger,
When I tranſgreſſe ſo farre, as to forget
My humble fate which onely can be bleſt
With my obedience to you, I had not
One ſawcie application of your favours,
My heart ſhall bleed to death ere it ſhall finde
One thought of ſo much impudence.
Dut. Howes this?
Since *Cornelia* has uſurped my name
And frighted him, what ſhould make her officious
He is her brother, I muſt heare no more
Of this——you are miſtaken all this while,
I am *Cornelia* your ſiſter.
Bo. Is the Dutcheſſe gone?
Dut. You well diſtinguiſh voyces, yet ſhee's gone.
Bo. My joy of ſoule, deereſt *Cornelia*.
Tis ſhe that I muſt truſt to.
Du. I'ſt e'en ſo?
Deare brother, leaving all your ſtudied complements
I doe not like your dilatory reaſons
To *Urſini*, I may heare you as a brother,
But muſt not trouble you to chooſe my husband;
It is the Dutcheſſe pleaſure, I ſhould marry
Urſini, an advancement more then I
Can hope, from your election of a ſtranger

And ſet your heart at reſt, how ere I ſeem'd
Inclining, deſtinie is not more fixt,
Then the affection I owe *Urſini*,
Him I reſolve to marry, and before
The next daies light is waſted.
Bo. I am undone
A'both ſides, heare me yet but ſpeake.
Dut. What would you ſay brother?
Bo. I am not thy brother.
Dut. How, not *Borgia*.
Bo. Not *Borgia*, the whole towne's miſtaken
My name is *Aurelio Andreozzi*,
I was borne in *Millan*, with my friend deſign'd
To ſee ſome ſervice in the German warres;
At the firſt ſight I muſt confeſſe I lov'd thee:
To enjoy thy converſation more freely,
I was content to ſeeme what men would call me
Dut. You tell me wonders.
Bo. I can give thee proofe,
But to no purpoſe now, and tell thee too
Enough to make thee thinke I may be worthy,
But ſince 'tis ſo, I am glad you ha' diſcover'd
Your reſolution ſo ſoone, good night te'e,
Ile make no noyſe to morrow, when I take
My journey.
Dut. Stay, he muſt not be ſo loſt,
This is a ſtrange diſcovery, if you can
Bring teſtimony that you are not *Borgia*,
You ſhall not Sir repent your comming hither,
Nor yet deſpaire of any noble wayes
That may reward your good opinion,
Tis late; a lovers dreame charme all your ſenſes,
And waking finde your wiſhes, if you pleaſe
Vntill I aske a further ſatisfaction,
Be ſtill conceal'd. *Exit.*
Bo. There may be hope, although
My firſt love I confeſſe reflect on this,
The Dutcheſſe yet, had not beene much amiſſe. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertius.

Enter Grutti and Aſcanio.

Gr. WHy, I ſhall hardly take thee for my owne naturall child.

Aſ. Let me alone with my Don, if I do not fit him, let me never finde the way into my owne breeches agen, I would be loath to die in a wrong caſe and bee miſtaken in another world; is the muſicke ready, and the wine father? can the fellowes doe their dance hanſomely, in ſtead of a maske to entertaine his highneſſe, I am ſorry my legges are out of tune, I have a great minde to be capering.

Gr. My owne wit, my owne naturall wit to a haire.

Aſ. Not too much haire of your owne, and wit together, father, tis not the faſhion: de' heare, whatſoever I ſay, be you drunk time enough to juſtifie it, the bills ſhall be diſcharged without ſcrupulous examination, ſowſe in wine and give him Sea roome, if his head leake we will pumpe his breeches, he ſhall not ſinke with all his ballaſt I warrant him.

Gr. A witty cracke, and my owne boy ſtill.

Aſ. Your owne boy? take heed what you ſay, leſt you bee driven to juſtifie it, you have no minde to wake my mother from her grave, tis enough I aſke you bleſſing, I doe long to be metamorphoſd, and purſue his princely humor out of breath — Muſicke, tis well, his grace is upon entrance.

Gr. Diſpatch boy. *Aſ.* I know my cue to enter. *Exit.*

Enter Pimponio, like a Spaniſh Don, and Servants.

Pim. And how, and how doe things become? We were in clouds but now.

Gr. Your highneſſe is broken out.

Pim. Broken out, where?

Gr. Out of the clouds and pleaſe you.

Pim. There is no infidell among you then,
You all beleeve I am a Prince, de'e heare,
At all adventures let it goe no further,
There are no traytors I hope amongſt yee.

Gr. Traytors, we will cut off any mans necke that dares but thinke so.

Pim. Doe and I will justifie it, hang necks among friends, although I am pleasd to reveale the majestie of my person to you, it is not fit every one should know so much, you are strangers, and therefore I dare trust you, but the Dutchesse must not heare on't upon your lives; she and I must be better acquainted when I see my time; Ile tell you, the toy may take me i'th head to looke like a foole agen, it may, greatnesse is given to humors, and giddinesse will runne in a blood, if it doe, doe not know me.

Gr. For what? *Pim.* For any other then I seeme.

Gr. Not a foole.

Pim. Thou art an asse, a Prince may play the foole within his owne dominions, or any other; provided they bee of his owne allies and confederates: I know where I am, but we are not merry; reach me a chaire and a bottle of wine, every one take his charge.

Gr. Will not your highnesse have the dance first?

Pim. They will dance the better when they are three quarters drunke.

1. *Ser.* We do not observe men of your nation to be so joviall.

Pim. Not subjects I grant you that, but we have privilledge musique, and give fire at once——so, but me thinkes it were necessary there were some difference in our drinkings; all are not Princes, reach me a bigger bottle, I will preserve my state, this is a Princely draught—— so——Why have we not a Concubine? *Sound a health.* *Sound a health.* *We drinke alone.*

2. *Ser.* Brave Prince, with what a majestie he drinkes.

Pim. Now let em friske the dance you have prepard, I am ready to accept it.

Gr. And it shall please your grace, There is a high German desires to speak with you. *The dance which ended.* *Enter Grut.*

1. *Ser.* The high German that was at Court, hee's a man of mightie parts and knowne to all the Princes in Christendome, what comes he for?

Gr. I feare you are betrayd Sir, and that the Dutchesse has sent for you.

Pim.

Pim. For me, I wonnot come yet.

2. *Ser.* Doe not affront him Sir, for your owne sake, this high German has beaten all the Fencers in *Europe*.

Pim. Let him beate all the world, whats that to me? shall he make a prize of me?

Gr. But if he come Embassador from the Dutchesse.

Pim. That's another matter, give me the tother bottle---
Now let all the Cantons of *Swisse* come.

Enter Ascanio in Swizzers habit.

Which is the high German? let me see him.

Gr. That Sir.

Pim. Hee's one of the lowest high Germans that e're I look'd upon.

As. I kisse thy highnesse hand.

Pim. And we embrace this lowenesse: de'e heare Sir, are yon a high German?

As. I was so at the beginning of the warres, what wee are beaten to you may discerne.

Pim. Are you beaten to that? you'l be a very little nation and the warres continne.

As. I have a message to deliver you,
The faire Dutchesse of *Urbin*, whom I waite on,
Hearing a person of your blood and qualitie
So meanely lodg'd, by me desires you would
Accept an entertainement in her Court.

Pim. We give the Dutchesse thankes, how knew shee I was here?

As. It was impossible
You should stay undiscover'd many howers.
Princes have strange intelligence, and you may
As soone tie up the Sunne beames in a net
As keepe your selfe unknowne; for my owne part
I am honord in the embassie, and shall
Be proud to write my selfe your pensioner
As I am to all the royall blood in Christendome.

Pim. O Pensioner, tis the least honour we intend thee, I am a naturall Prince as sure as I live; here weare this gold, there's more to drinke our health, wee are pleasd no man be sober at our returne, as he will answer it, you may be all my subjects: if I marry the Dutchesse Ile hang you all.

Ors.

Orſ. How?

Pim. In chaines of preferment, drinke I ſay, and drinke to purpoſe, what will become of me now? ſtay, a word with you high German, what will the Dutcheſſe doe with me doe you thinke?

Aſ. 'Twere ſinne to ſay ſhee'l honour you, for you
Are above all addition but her love;
Your wit, your blood, your perſon, doe not loſe
The opportunitie, yet I propheſie
You will be affronted.

Pim. No matter, I ha beene affronted a hundred times, but by whom?

Aſ. Queſtionleſſe by ſome great ones,
And perhaps beaten.

Pim. I have beene beaten too upon good occaſion,
And will agen to ſave my honour, beaten?
I can take the ſtrappado, beſide in this part
I am inſenſible, a kicke is caſt away.

Aſ. If you be valiant and indure, it will
Engage her love the more, but I know
Your breeding will afford you impudence
To overcome their envies, and ſecure
This Dukedome to your ſelfe, goe on boldly,
My counſell ſhall attend.

Pim. I will goe on, and feare no beating, well
I cannot knight thee, yet prove but a witch
Ile make thee one of my privy counſellors. *Exit.*

Enter Mercutio, Iulio, and Lutio.

Mer. No more, my dutie will not let me heare it.

Lu. How not your dutie Sir?

Ju. You are not angry?

Mer. You are his friends, I ſhould not elſe be pleas'd.

Lu. We have ſaid nothing to afflict you thus,
We did expect this wod ha' made you merry.

Iu. A ſonnes preferment was not wont to be
Such diſcord to a father, a loving father,
For ſo we tooke your conſtitution.

Lu. Preferment? tis too poore a word.

Mer.

Mer. You were beſt tell me too he may be Duke.
Iu. He is i'th rode, I know not how hee'l miſſe it.
Mer. This is three quarters treaſon, tho I love
My ſonne, I muſt not cheriſh this ambition.
Iu. But it will be more then three quarters treaſon
If you preſume to checke the Dutcheſſe pleaſure,
And murmur thus if ſhe reſolve to marry,
And make your ſonne a Duke, you'l not turne rebell.
Mer. Defend allegiance, Gentlemen miſtake not
Altho I love my ſonne, Ile not be guiltie
Of any thought to croſſe her, but I ſhould
Be ſorry he ſhould caſt away himſelfe.
Iu. How de'e meane?
Mer. As men doe uſe when they
Doe hange or drowne themſelves.
Lu. Have you ſence
And talke thus wildly. *Mer.* Yes and underſtand
The riddles you have told me.
Lu. Doe you count
Your ſonne loſt by the Dutcheſſe loving him?
Mer. Goe finde your wits agen, and uſe 'em better,
Can you be ſo rediculous to thinke,
So wiſe, ſo modeſt, ſo religious
A Lady can forget her ſtate and honour
To place affection on my ſonne.
Iu. There have beene
Preſidents to make it ſeeme no wonder.
Mer. She had better taine his head off, there had ended
My cares, the boy t'runne madde, and what can follow
Thinke yee? goe to, Ile to her highneſſe preſently.
Iu. What to doe?
Mer. To pray her leave him to a naturall death,
And chooſe ſome other to undoe with pride
Of her large favours; gentlemen examine
But your ſelves, could either of you two promiſe
To keepe your wits, if ſuch a grace were offerd
To you? would it not tempt you to be mad,
To thinke of being a Duke? ſpeake honeſtly,

I'ſt fit indeed you ſhould be leſſe than mad ?
There be ſome men ith' world ha' loſt their ſenſes
When they but chewd the Cud of a bare Lordſhip,
I ha' knowne a knighthood has turn'd ſome mens wits,
The very noyſe o'th ſpurres; then doe not blame me
If I deſire my ſonne ſober and ſenſible,
And now I thinke on't Ile firſt ſeeke him out. *Exit.*

Enter Laura and Melinda.

Lu. I thinke the old mans mad indeed,
Deare Madam *Laura*,

Lau. Sweet Sir I cannot ſtay.

Lu. Then I can walke and waite on you. *Exit.*

Iu. You have the ſame haſte too,
Thou art a peece of the Dutcheſſe Cabinet,
I muſt heare ſome newes.

Me. Alas the Court is barren.

Iu. I know a tricke to make thee fruitfull yet,
Nay I can mend my pace Lady an you put me toot. *Exit.*

Enter Cornelia, and Piſauro.

Cor. Good Sir the reaſon why you wonder at me
Above all other women, what in me
Appeares ſo full of prodigie.

Piſ. Ile tell you,
Y'are young and hanſome.

Cor. Should I grant I were,
This were no miracle.

Piſ. Withall this youth and hanſomneſſe y'are a maid
And live at Court too, this I hope's not ordinary.

Cor. What wonder will your fancy create next.

Piſ. Y'are found too, or your phiſnomy deceives me.

Cor. The priviledge of my brothers friend muſt not
Engage me to a mockery.

Piſ. I was
About to ſay y'are patient too, I ſee
Something wud make you angry, but returne
To your firſt temper, and I'le ſoone acquaint you
With all my purpoſe Lady, to all theſe
Commendations, which meet not in all women,

You

You have birth and fortune, and the favour of
The Dutcheſſe.
Cor. All theſe carry no ſuch wonder
If I have underſtanding.
Piſ. No, no, you
Are all the wonder Madam that with theſe
Advantages a your ſide to draw up mens
Affections, yet as you deſpaire to have
A Husband to the diſcredit of your ſex,
Who article at twelve to be diſſemblers;
You are in love.
Cor. In love, is that a ſinne?
Piſ. Nay, nay, you court a Gentleman with eyes
That are not lawfull.
Cor. How Sir, be not rude.
Piſ. I can ſay more.
Cor. Is it your mirth or madneſſe.
Piſ. No, no, you are mad, worſe, Ile prove it,
You dote upon your brother, come tis impious,
P urge, purge betime, your blood is foule, Ime plaine
There's ſome ont in your face now that would bluſh
I ſee through your hearts, a little more
Had ſpoild him quite, he had forgot all lawes
Of nature and religion, and beene fond
To both your ſhames; a brother, and a ſiſter
Tempt one another, good heaven where is conſcience
And modeſtie become? preſerve your ſelfe
You have yet a good name, keepe it and drinke Julips,
You'l finde the benefit in your veines.
Cor. You have
Beene very bould upon my conſtitution.
Piſ. I know it better then your Doctor, Come
Doe not deny it, I make no proclamation;
What i'ſt to me more then my Chriſtian care
You ſhould not hurt your ſoules, he is my friend
Betray him not, tis no good ſiſters part
I can aſſure you, if you be not dull
Or blinde with giddy paſſion, you may ſee

Another ſtarre ſhoot influence on him;
Be wiſe and envie not the Dutcheſſe favours,
Your veſſell may be rigg'd, and trim'd, and laneh'd
Into a calmer Sea, and returne fraught
With lawfull priſe hereafter, I ha ſtirrd her,
But muſt not be too haſty.
Cor. I ſhall ſhew
My ſelfe too full of guilt.
Piſ. You are troubled at it,
A ſigne of grace; how ere you thinke of me.
Now in the heate of Counſell I'me your friend,
You'l finde it ſo, I kiſſe your hand, farewell.
De'e heare? but two words more, if you doe finde
As being acquainted beſt with your owne body,
No diſpoſition to hold out longer,
I ha' that will cure you, and Ile juſtify't
Before the colledge—Take me,
De'e marke, that does it, I kiſſe your hand,
Agen farewell, and have a conſcience,
Ile tell you more next time, this way may worke. *Exit.*
Cor. This Gentlemans diſcourſe though ſomewhat wild
And without method ſhakes me, I am loſt
If I obey, I know not what within me
Too Prompts me to a love ſo irreligious;
He is my brother, holy thoughts poſſeſſe me,
And when a furious paſſion ſeekes to invade
My will, deſtroy it heaven—hee's here I dare
Enter Dutcheſſe and Borgia.
Not ſtay to tempt my frailtie, let them move
With joy, I am not in my ſpheare of love. *Exit.*
Dut. But tell me ſignior, nay we are pleas'd
You ſhould be free, upon what confidence
Knowing your guilt, and danger to reward it
Durſt you returne to *Urbin.*
Bo. I was more fortunate
Then I have reaſon for, and yet my country
And friends were pretious madam, nor could life
In ſuch a wilderneſſe abroad, where none

D urſt owne me, be a benifit; there was
A beſſing in my fate to meete your mercy
That gave me boldneſſe.
Dut. Cunningly diſſembled,
You met no Lady then in all your travell,
I meane none whom you cald miſtreſſe, with
Her loving magicke to lay charmes upon you
And forc'd your ſtay.
Bo. None Madam, I was not
Worth any Ladies thought, none were ſo loſt
To their owne Iudgements to imagine me
More then a walking ſhaddow, or if any
Had cheriſh'd better thought of me a ſtranger,
They quickly found, they had not plac'd it right,
On ſo much barrenneſſe which left their charity
To pay it ſelfe. *Dut.* You doe not promiſe ſuch
A hard and horrid compoſition,
But love may finde a ſhift to enter more
Then skinne deepe in your boſome, but perhaps
You left your heart at home, and could not then
Diſpence with new ingagements, it was ſo,
And for her ſake you willingly forgot
Your danger to returne, nay be not troubled,
Confeſſion will not injure you, I like
You ſhould preferre the beauties of your country.
Bo. It Cannot be thought flattery, if I —
Acknowledge with the narroweſt obſervation
My eyes could take, no place hath beene more fruitfull
In beautie then your owne, and it doth hold
Proportion with your excellence, all ſhould
Be faire and imitate your firſt example.
Dut. I ſee you can be when you liſt a Courtier,
But this confirmes your love is planted here;
And ſince we are falne by accident upon
This ſubject, wee'l purſui't a little further;
Come I muſt know your Miſtris, doe not doubt
I ſhall diſturbe the progreſſe of your loves.
Bor. What anſwer ſhall I frame, things are not ripe

Yet for diſcovery, ſo pleaſe your highneſſe
You would be modeſt, and excuſe, be wiſer
And apprehend my meaning to advance
Your wiſhes, tis within my power to effect
As much as your ambition can ayme at:
Who is it if her heart be ſtubborne, we
Can make it ſoft; if great above your fortune,
We can raiſe you to her equality,
Or bring her downe to your levell, ſince we ha' promiſt
In hope not to repent: either declare
The miſtreſſe of your thoughts, and finde them proſper,
We are not us'd to expreſſe ſuch bounteous language,
But be ſhe proudeſt, greateſt in our Dutchy,
Without all limitation, ſhe ſhall carry
No birth or ſtate here, to deſpiſe the ſervice
You fairely meane her: if we faile in this,
We will not thinke our ſtrength worth the preſerving

Bo. If I have any wit. *Enter Cornelio.*

Cor. Madam the Duke.

Dut. What Duke?

Cor. The Duke of *Ferrara* with a glorious traine
Is come to Court, and as the loud voyce is
Given out by himſelfe, to claime you for his wife,
For which he has your promiſe.

Dut. How our promiſe?
Can Princes be ſo inſolent, beſhrew
His haſte, but we ſhall loſe much of our honour
To give no ceremony to his perſon?
How e're our thoughts point, we will entertaine him
And dreſſe our face in ſmiles.

Cor. His lookes renew
My ſufferings, I have not power to manage
My wilde affection, my heart will not
Be denied but by a ſecret deſtinie.

Runnes to imbrace him—Brother.

Dut. Ha, *Cornelia*
I hope you are not courting *Borgia*,
He is your brother, know your place within

Our traine. *Exit.*

Bo. Shee's jealous, jealous, ſtarres I thanke you,
Tis cleare as light ſhee does affect me now:
Did ſhe not put me too't, to name my miſtris,
Yet in a ſhaddow pointed at her ſelfe?
Be ſhe the proudeſt, greateſt in our Dutchy
Without all limitation, I mark'd that
And had my ſenſe——if great above your fortune
We can raiſe you to her equalitie:
Fine moralls, poore *Cornelia* loves me too,
But I muſt give her no encouragement:
Her grace is much the better woman---ha; *Loud Muſicke.*

A paſſage over the Stage, Duke, Dutcheſſe, Urſini, Iulio, Lucio, Pietro, Ladies.

She appeard diſcontent when firſt *Cornelia*
Brought her the newes, yet they march lovingly
Together, but that ceremony muſt
Be allow'd at Coura, where ſhift of face and tongue
Are wiſely to be practiz'd---my good Lord.

Enter Urſini and Pietro.

Urſ. Your ſervant *Borgia.*
Tis her graces pleaſure every gentleman
That has relation to the Duke, taſte all
The bounties of her Court:
Bo. How's this? *Urſ.* None dare
To affront a Groome on forfeit of his place,
Let all the offices of entertainment
Be free and open.
Pie. I ſhall ſignifie
Theſe her commands.
Urſ. And they that of her owne
Court are ambitious to expreſſe their duties
Let it appeare in keeping this day ſolemne
To wine and mirth, that every brow may ſpeake
A joy and welcome to the Duke.
Pie. I ſhall. *Exit.*
Bo. Here's like to be a triumph, with your Lordſhips
Pardon; was that the Duke of *Ferrara*;

Urſ.

Vrſ. Yes of *Vrbin* ſhortly, when their marriage
Is perfect, every ſubjects heart prayes for it,
And ſent their acclamations to heaven
To ſee her highneſſe lovingly ſalute him.
Hee's a brave Prince.

Bo. A good round gentleman,
He did not flie hither; I heard talke of an
Embaſſadour.

Vrſ. A cloud for his owne perſon
Till his affaires came to maturitie,
He ſtood conceal'd toth' Dutcheſſe, but laſt night
He gain'd her princely word to marry him,
And is this morning bright in his owne glories.

Bo. Laſt night.

Vrſ. Ile build more faith upon his honour
Faſt as a contract.

Bo. To what painted Paradiſe
Would ſhe ha' led me? wood I had my ſiſter now.

Vrſ. With this joy
I had forgot my owne, *Borgia*; Brother
Let not the ſound be unwelcome, tis the Dutcheſſes
Pleaſure to honour her unworthy creature
Vrſini, by appointment of our marriage
To Waite on hers.

Bo. What marriage? *Vrſ.* With your ſiſter,
Ile not ſuſpect your love, ſince faire *Cornelia*
Is not diſpleaſd to be directed by
Her highneſſe, and be confident my love
Shall make the memory of it welcome to you;
You will excuſe me if I take my leave,
Theſe houres are full of buſineſſe, and I have
Many commands upon me. *Exit.*

Bo. In good time,
I am in a good ſtate agen, I was an aſſe
To thinke the Dutcheſſe meant me any thing
But mockery, ſhe told me ſo before
To make more ſport, I ha' loſt my ſiſter too,
Shees for *Vrſinis* carving, I could curſe

My ſelfe to *Millan*, but tis not impoſſible
I may retrive *Cornelia*, by giving her
A timely ſatisfaction, I am not
Her brother *Borgia*:
Ther's all the hope is left, I ſhall be loath
To hunt two hares, and after loſe them both. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Mercutio and Borgia at ſeverall dores.

Mer. SOnne y'are well met. *Bo.* Your pleaſure Sir.
Mer. No great pleaſure, I am almoſt hoarſe with
Enquiring for you, I muſt aske you a queſtion,
Firſt let me examine your countenance.
Bo. Your meaning Sir?
Mer. I have no skill in Metapoſcopie,
De'e know me?
Bo. I am not diſcover'd ſure,
What crotchet's this?
Mer. Hee's proud, he wonnot know me:
'Tis ſo, hee's loſt, he is undone, nay, nay,
It will become me to ſtand bare to you Sir,
And teach my hammes the officious cringe, be cover'd.
Bo. I know not how to interpret Sir your language;
Yet I would hope you mocke me not, altho
It was the Dutcheſſe pleaſure to create
Mirth from this barren heape, and counterfeit
Favors to try my duty, joyne not you
With others to enlarge my ſcorne, I am not
So tame of ſoule, but I have ſenſe of all
Their Ieeres.
Mer. Their Ieeres? whom doe you point upon?
Bo. I dare not name the Dutcheſſe; I am all
Obedience to her perſon, yet ſhe might
Have plac'd her giddy humor ſomewhere elſe
It ſwells not me with expectation,
I was not made for ſtate.
Mer. Doe not you then
Thinke to be Duke.

Bo. Should any but your selfe
Name such a title to me, I should answer
His question with a frowne, and something else
To waite upon't, tho I engag'd my life
To a fresh danger, but I am instructed
By nature and religion to be calme
At what you say. *Mer.* On this condition
Ile give thee leave to beate me, 'twas my feare
Thou hadst an easie faith, and wert transported
Indeede out of thy wits, but since I see
Thou art not madde, I will commend a wife to thee.
Bor. To me, I thanke you Sir, not yet,
I shall be madde indeed then, I will marry
None but my sister, take my word. *Mer.* Thy sister?
Bo. I cannot raile upon the Dutchesse safely;
A wife, my mother's dead.
Mer. Thoud'st not have her?
Bo. I thinke you wod not have her out of heaven.
T'were little Charity, and the whole sex
Were in a dead sleepe wer't not sinne to wake 'em;
A wife, Ile seeke my sister. *Mer.* Stay and take
My keyes, this opens to my gold, goe home
And take out ten bagges. *Bo.* What to doe Sir?
Mer. To spend 'em, all's thine owne, leave something for
Cornelia, because perhaps shee'l marry,
And I am satisfied, a prudent boy,
How am I bound to heaven that hee's not proud,
Nor taken in the subtle toyles of women?
Hee'l never marry, how shall I consume
My estate? Dost heare, a little portion
Will serve *Ursini* with thy sister, *Bo.* Must
He marry her? *Mer.* I let him, we shall please
The Dutchesse too, and when she is disposd,
The rest is ours to revell with.
Bo. Ile thinke ont. *Exit.*

Enter Iulio and Lucio.

Mer. Did you not meet my sonne?
Iu. Yes somewhat melancholy.

Mer.

Mer. You are deceiv'd, hee's cholericke, and let
Me adviſe you gentlemen, although I know
He loves you, doe not mocke him, hee's no foole;
No bladder to be ſwolne with breath of praiſe
And Ladies ligges, he is ſenſible he is,
And will not be the hatefull ſtocke of paſtime
To Groomes and Pages.

Lu. What doe you meane my Lord?

Mer. Call him not Duke, I counſell you.

Iu. We doe not.

Mer. Nor do'e not thinke it poſſible it may be?

Lu. Have patience, and we doe not, we have alter'd
Our opinions, and are cleare of your ſide now.

Iu. As the wheeles move we doe thinke nothing leſſe,
Your ſonne ſhall not be Duke, there is no feare on't
Whilſt *Ferrara* lives.

Mer. He ſhall not. *Iu.* So we ſay, ſleepe quietly.

Mer. He ſhall not, very peremptory,
You are no Oracles, would I were Dutcheſſe
For halfe an houre, he ſhud be Duke, de'e heare now;
No matter who repented: I thought you
Had beene his friend, he ſhannot be a Duke?
How ere I thought on't, it becomes not you
To circumſcribe his fortune, he can number
Deſcents of noble blood, and had his breeding,
Has none of the worſt faces, heads, nor hearts,
How ere you value him and diſcharge your boules
At randome thus, he ſhannot.

Lu. Heare us Sir.

Mer. He ſhall not be a Duke. *Exit.*

Lu. Did not I ſay he was mad?

Iu. That was diſſembled,
He has cauſe now to ſee a turne i'th ſtreame,
And *Ferrara* onely hopefull with the Dutcheſſe,

Enter Piſauro and Aſcanio.

What thing is that?

Piſ. Is he ſo confident?

Aſ. He will lay about like a Prince, de'e thinke

We may present him safely? if you say
The word Ile winde him up to an Emperour.
Pis. Keep thy shape boy, we wonnot lose the sport,
And happily I will acquaint these gentlemen.
As. If I
Should be whipt heartily for my conceit,
The little high German wud not take it kindly,
It may be the court largesse, but no matter,
I have some gold and dare venter the last
At any time for coyne of this complexion.
Lu. Are you in earnest. *As.* 'Twill be excellent,
And please her highnesse, she has commanded
All libertie of mirth, Ile undertake
To prepare her.
Pis. About it then, Ile have
My part i'th enterlude, lose no time boy,
Thou shalt be Prince of Pigmieland for this:
The Dutchesse, Ile withdraw.

Enter Dutchesse, Fernia, Ursini, Borgia, Gentlie Ladies.

Dut. My Lord, you make me wonder, challenge me
Of promises? tho I acknowledge it,
No act that could reflect with a dishonour
Vpon our person, yet we must not be
So jeasted into marriage, you a Prince
Of an unquestioned merit take not these
Imaginary ways to advance your hopes
In us, we are yet free as you my Lord,
And shall not in a dreame give up our selfe,
Were we disposd to marry or contract
Our selfe, the day shall witnesse it without
A blush, let guiltie soules call night to cover
Their promises, we are innocent. *Fer.* Good Madam
Render me not so lost to my own sences,
To the honour of a Prince basely to coine
A language for my purpose, though you may
Repent the last nights freedome, and correct
Your judgement of me, make me not so miserable

To let the Court thinke I invented this
As deſtitute of nobler wayes to move you,
But I preſume this is to try my patience
And make my joyes at laſt more pretious
By this delay; I know you are all vertue
And cannot ſtaine your ſelfe by a denyall
Of any ſyllable you ſpeake.

Dut. With pardon
Of your grace, I ſhall laugh if you perſiſt thus:
You had a pleaſant dreame, but lovers
Are flatterd in their ſleepe, I ſpeake to you.

Fer. Then Madam I take leave, to tell you tis not
Done like a Princeſſe of that character
We have receiv'd, and if I had no witneſſe
I ſee what mirth we are prepar'd for.

Dut. Witneſſe
There is too much at ſtake my Lord already,
To racke this argument for your owne fame,
Proceede not to enlarge it, we would rather
Confeſſe ſome guilt againſt our ſelfe, then let
You honour be expos'd to ſuch ſtrait cenſure
For loving us, yet if you would be ſilent
In this we ſhall be proud, in other things
To have denyed you nothing, and be aſham'd
You tooke our Court ſo unprepard to honour you.

Fer. Was ever ſuch a mockery, I ſee
I muſt produce more teſtimony, you ſee
Can juſtifie if you pleaſe, I have affirm'd
Nothing but truth, altho my willing eare
Catch'd up the voyce, ſhe ſpake it to you ſignior.

Bo. What my good Lord?

Fer. That ſhe reſolv'd to marry us.

Bo. Your excellence
Muſt pardon me, I heard her highneſſe ſpeake
No language to that purpoſe.

Dut. We honour
You *Borgia* for acquitting us.

Cor. Tis truth her highneſſe never ſpake ſo, but I did

Whom ſuppoſd the Dutcheſſe, and this muſt
Sound hope in him to be ſo negative.
Fer. It ſeemes you have concluded, Madam, I
Muſt be the generall mirth.
Duk. I finde *Cornelius*
Cunning in this, and muſt apply ſome complement
For our owne honour, good my Lord your privacie.
Bo. How er'e her grace be a little impudent
I had beene madde to juſtifie the Duke
In ſuch a cauſe, ſhe has no minde to marry him,
And perhaps talk'd to me laſt night to try
My ſtrength of wit, women are ſubtill creatures,
No matter tho *Urſini* court my ſiſter,
My ambitions faire a tother ſide agen.
Enter Iulio, and Lucio, and whiſper with the Dutcheſſe.
Vrſ. Tis ſtrange the Dutcheſſe ſhould ſo miſtake.
Cor. Vpon
My conſcience ſhe heard the words.
Vrſ. Yet She denies. *Cor.* I muſt beleave her too:
Vrſ. You ſpeak a riddle Maddam. *Duk.* Will you my Lord
Admit of ſo much mirth.
Fer. You ſhall command me.
Duk. Remit 'em then, the reſt Ile cleare hereafter
To your ſatisfaction. *Enter Ascanio, Pimponio, Piſauro.*
Piſ. De'e heare, what Prince de'e meane to call your ſelfe?
Pim. Why any Prince in *Spaine.*
Piſ. No Ile adviſe you
You ſhall be an *Italian* Prince in *Spaniſh* habit,
Now I thinke better on't, tis queint, and will
Be gratefull for the witty noveltie:
Every common Prince goes in his countries faſhion;
Such as you are not ordinary, be bold.
Bo. Why didſt bring him hither?
Piſ. Peace I may doe you a curteſie,
Keepe your owne counſell and be ignorant
Of this ſtrange Creature, ſay you are——
The Duke of——thus diſguiſd for reaſons
Knowne to your ſelfe.

Pim.

Pim. Duke of——let me alone.
Pis. And he not beaten out of't. (speech,
Pim. I wonnot, let the high German first present mee in a
Is that the Dutcheſſe? ſo, ſo.
Aſ. I warrant you. *Pim.* My maſter or his ghoſt?
Piſ. You wonnot be a foole and loſe your ſelfe,
And heaven knowes what; ſcorne to take notice on him,
Remember who you are.
Pim. Vmph, umph, ſtand by fellow.
Aſ. Dutcheſſe of *Vrbin*, never was your Court
Grac'd with the preſence of ſo brave a Prince
As this, the darling and delight of Chriſtendome.
Dut. He ſeemes no leſſe.
Vrſ. What pageants ha' we got.
Aſ. And coſen not your ſelves he is no *Spaniard*,
But of *Italian* ſprightly breed, a man
Famous in Arts and Armes, as ſhall appeare
If any man dares queſtion him, ſhould your grace
But ſee him at ſome royall exerciſe
You wud thinke him more then mortall, he ſhall pitch
The Barre with any of your Guard, or drink with 'em;
Wraſtle with both the Weſt and North Olympicks,
Sings like the *Arabian* Bird, and can out-dance
The nimble Elephant, ſo rarely skil'd
In muſicke, that he has a great ambition
To goe to hell to challenge *Orpheus*
To play with him, on any Inſtrument
From the Organ to the Iewes-trumpe.
Dut. Miracles!
Aſ. Theſe are the outſide of his qualities,
But looke within him, and your grace ſhall finde
Enough to raviſh you.
Pim. Tell how I love her.
Aſ. With all theſe vertues and advantages
Of blood and ſtate he comes to court your highneſſe.
Dut. We are infinitely honord, and wud thank him,
But that we know not yet this Princes name.
Aſ. Duke of *Ferrara*, Madam, is his title.

Fer. How ſirrah?

Iu. That is the Duke of *Ferrara*, what de'e meane?

Piſ. Stand too't and ſay he is a counterfeit
A meere impoſtor, be not beaten out on't.

Fer. Are you Duke of *Ferrara* ſirrah, ha.

Pim. I am Duke of all the world, what's that to thee?
High German ſtand cloſe to me.

Aſ. A true Prince needs no buckler, *Exit.*

Fer. Sirrah darſt uſurpe my name?

Pim. Tis mine, thou art a counterfeit,
I hope your grace will know me another time.

Urſ. A baſe affront my Lord, and ſuſpect
A plot of *Borgias* to diſhonour you,
He durſt not ſtay to face it.

Fer. Ile have's heart,
As for this wretch.

Pim. Doe, doe, I look'd for this, a true Prince can beare.

Fer. Madam you have not uſd me well.
I ſay no more. *Exit. Fer. and Urſ.*

Pim. Let him goe madam, Ile call him to account hereafter.

Dut. We are diſpleaſd, hence with that foole and whip him. *Exit.*

Pim. Whats the matter?

Iu. You muſt be whipt and ſtrip'd my ſcurvie Don.

Pim. Whip a Prince? what de'e meane?

Iu. You muſt be Duke of *Ferrara*.

Pim. Duke of a Fiddle-ſticke, you doe not meane, to let me
Catch an Ague Gentlemen?

Iu. The laſh when the fit comes will keepe you warme, doe you know one *Pimponio*, he was a footman, you will be in caſe to overtake him preſently, hee has the heeles on you, and you cannot give him ſo much weight, now you are light, ſtay but a little wee'l ſend you a whip. *Exit.*

Pim. How am I transform'd, Duke of *Ferrara* quotha, wud I were any thing, I know not what I am as they have handled me.

Enter Dutcheſſe and Pietro.

Dut. Is the Duke gone?

Pie. Yes Madam.

Dut.

Dut. Ile have the foole hang'd then.
Pim. That's I.
Dut. Alas poore fellow, ha, ha, ha, what art thou?
Pim. Nothing, I hope she does not know me agen, I must deny my selfe.
Dut. Come hither Sirrah,
Whose devise was it to bid you say you were Duke of *Ferrara*?
Pim. Alas not I Madam, he is gone.
Dut. Who is gone?
Pim. The insolent fellow that made a foole of your highnesse.
Dut. Whether is he gone?
Pim. To obey your grace and be whip'd.
Dut. Why doe you shake so?
Pim. I'me very warme and please your grace.
Dut. Where be your cloathes? (with these.
Pim. My cloathes? I never wore any more in my life, I sweat
Dut. He has punishment enough, who waites?
Bid *Borgia* attend us.
Pie. I shall Madam. *Exit.* *Enter Borgia.*
Bor. How now sirrah, what are you?
Pim. A Tumbler, doe you know me?
Bor. I know thee?
Pim. What not *Pimp*, honest *Pimponio*. *Enter Pietro.*
Pie. Signior *Borgia* her grace calls for you.
Bo. I attend. *Exit.*
Pim. How signior *Borgia*? then I am not I, and there is no Staying here to finde my selfe, as I remember some friends of mine, did promise me a comfortable whip, Ile rather venture a cold then stay fort, I must be Dukified, be perswaded into kickes—they'l returne, I wonnot tempt my destinie, she promisd to hang me, and I can doe that for my selfe when I have a minde toot. *Enter Iulio, and Lucio.*
Ju. Kicke that fellow out of the Court.
Pim. You are mistaken Sir, he meanes some body else, I have beene kicked already. *Exit.*
Enter Dutchesse and Borgia.
Bo. Madam you let fall,

Dut. Let it reward your paines.
Iu. Obſerv'd you that.
Dut. Convey this to *Merentio*, it creates him
Controuler of our houſhold, this I hope
Will merit more of his acquaintance with
Our Court.
Bo. You honour your poore creatures.
Dut. Leave us, *Exit.*
You may ſtay Sir, what ſuite, what that you named?
Bo. Suite Madam?
Dut. Did not you ſay you had a ſuite to us,
I hope your modeſtie will teach you how
To limit your requeſt, that it may be
Such as may both become our grant and your
Acceptance, ſpeake what it is.
Bo. My ſuite Madam?
Dut. But in the confidence of your diſcretion
Name and enjoy what you deſire.
Bo. This bounty
Of language is beyond all my ambition.
Dut. Well Sir to'th purpoſe, I would have you ſpeake
To purpoſe now.
Bo. To purpoſe, would I durſt,
This exceeds all the reſt, ſhall I be mad?
And loſe this opportunitie.
Dut. We are prepar'd
Bo. Better? my happineſſe flowes upon me
My ſuite is Madam, you would be pleas'd to——
What ſhall I ſay, ſhe lookes ſo keene and tempting,
I have a great mind to kiſſe her.
Dut. Not reſolv'd yet?
Bo. Long ſince, my humble ſuite is to you Madam, that——
Dut. What?
Dut. I may be number'd ſtill among your creatures
And keepe a bleſſing in your gracious ſmiles
Upon my humble ſervice,
Dut. A ſmile and humbleſt ſervice, is this all?
You wonnot purchaſe much by being a Courtier.

Bo.

Bo. The greateſt riſe by favour, I ha loſt
An opportunitie.
Dut. Is there nothing elſe?
Bo. She Askes agen, now Ile put her toot,
We are private, I haye another ſuite Madam.
Dut. A courtier ſhould have many, what i ſt made on?
Bo. Of love.
Dut. A prettie winter wearing, and keepes well
In faſhion.
Bo. May I preſume to as aske your grace.
Dut. A queſtion? yes Sir.
Bo. Doe you love me Madam?
Dut. How Sir?
Bo. Does your grace love me?
Dut. Audacious Groome, how dares thy ſoule imagine
So great an impudence, almoſt treaſon to us,
Are all our favours thought ſo cheape? and we
Conſider'd in the crowd of other women
Fit for your mixture, to be ſtain'd with looſe
And deſperate proffers of your wanton ſervice?
Have we no more diſtinction in our birth
And titles? Or de'e hope we are diſarm'd
Of ſtrength to puniſh ſuch an inſolence?
Had ſmiles tane ſuch poſſeſſion of our brow
Thou couldſt expect no killing frowne for this?
Was our eye growne ſo tame nothing could quicken it
Into a flame, into a conſuming lightning,
When ſuch an object durſt appeare to vex it?
Thus we could ſpurne thy ſawcy head off—but
We pardon it, de'e heare? we freely pardon it,
To ſhew mercy is above all fault,
And that we are at home Queene of our paſſions,
Nor ſhall you ſuffer under the remembrance,
Tis now as it had never beene, and you keepe
The firſt place in our thoughts.
Bo. Ha'?
Dut. Wiſely preſerve 'em
And rather chide your timerous underſtanding

Then thinke us angry, had your ſinne beene greater
We ſhould have met it charitably, come,
You are our Secretary, write as we ſhall dictate.
Bo. Did ever Sunne-ſhine breake ſo ſuddenly
From ſuch a blacke and moſt prodigious cloud?
I would ha' ſold my body for a beane ſtalke
Within two minuts, ſh'as an excellent wit
And cunningly ſhe reines it, whats your pleaſure
I ſhall write Madam?
Dut. A letter, a love letter, are you ready,
Write as I bid upon your life,—I love you.
Bo. I am perpar'd.
Dut. Write I love you Sir, de'e not underſtand me?
Bo. Shee'l make me mad, I ha' done, I love you.
Dut. How Sir? *Bo.* There wanted Sir, I love you Sir.
Dut. And if you be not ſhort of apprehenſion.
Bo. And if, &c. *Dut.* You'l wiſely entertaine it.
Bo. You'l wiſely, &c.
Dut. All errors be forgot, meete me this evening
Bo. All errors, &c.
Dut. I'th privie Garden, and receive more teſtimony.
Bo. I'th privie garden, &c. (marry you.
Dut. Meane time heere is my hand, that in the morning I'le
Bo. Meane time, &c.——What a divell does ſhe meane?
I ha' done, it wants your confirmation——ſo.
To whom ſhall I direct it?
Dut. You will be truſtie, there's danger elſe.
Bo. To whom?
Dut. To him that loves me beſt,
Deceive me not farewell. *Exit.*
Bo. I love you Sir, &c. tis a letter, and I wrote it,
To whom, to him that loves her beſt, if none love her better,
Tis to my ſelfe? Why am I ſo ſcrupulous?
She has made me Chancellor in the cauſe,
There's noe particular nam'd, yet ſhe was angry,
Yet ſhe was pleaſd agen, and had my crime
Beene greater, ſhe had met it charitably.
Come I perceive the whole device as ſure-

As I have any ſenſe, ſhe does affect me,
And tries me at the laſt weapon of wit
How Ile behave my ſelfe, are you there Dutcheſſe;
She is my owne, and this invites me to
The cloſe of all my happineſſe, if I
Forfeit this opportunitie, let *Midas*
Tranſplant his goodly eares to this dull head;
And let all women laugh at me, my ſtarres
I bow to you, and kiſſe your influence,
I am exalted to your ſpheare already,
Where, with the Dutcheſſe I will fit and ſhine
A conſtellation. *Enter Ferrara.*

Fer. Y'are well met Sir,
Borgia I take it.

Bor. You may change that name
And call me ſervant.

Fer. You have proſtrate language,
But carry treaſon in your heart, you know me?

Bo. Duke of *Ferrara*,

Fer. So, was't your plot to bring
That puppet to affront me 'fore the Dutcheſſe?
Was there noe other name to be uſurp'd,
Diſhonor'd, and prophan'd by hounds and monkies
But mine?

Bo. I underſtand you not, your anger
Is not directed right my Lord, I am not
Guiltie in thought.

Fer. Your feares ſhall not excuſe.

Bo. You are abus'd. *Fer.* I know I am Sir, and
Will print revenge upon your heart, 't ſhall carry
The character of a villaine.

Bo. I muſt tell you Duke. *Fer.* What Sir?

Bo. Were you maſter of the world,
Could you ſhoot death beyond a Baſiliske,
Or had you miſchiefe in your breath above
The *Lernean* vapours, or the killing ſteame
Of the hot lake that poyſons innocent Birds.
But daring to flie over, I would riſe

With as much confidence to ſcorne this calumnie
As I would quench my thirſt, or chide my Groome
The drudges for me, Duke I am no villaine,
And tho my blood runnes not ſo deepe a purple
There's no corruption in the chapeſt veine
My Liver feeds, 'tis cleare and honeſt ſir,
In thy owne Court Ile meet and tell thee ſo
Mauger thy guards, and gawdy Butter-flies,
I dare, by innocence, I dare. *Fer.* You thinke
The place protects you now.
Bo. Were it in a Church
No drop of mine could ſtaine it, Duke I cannot
Feare and be maſter of a ſword, that needs
No valour in a cauſe ſo juſt as mine
To ſtirre the point, by all my hopes.
Fer. Thy hopes,
Of what reverſion? what Groomes place is vacant?
Bo. Come tis not done becommingly
To inſult becauſe you have a priviledge
Of Duke above you, I am here a ſervant
To a moſt gracious Princeſſe.
Fer. At that name I drew
New flame, and ſhould I credit thy ſoule free
From this diſhonour, thou haſt ſinne enough
In thy ambition to pull ruine on thee,
Are we too fit to be in competition Sir?
Haſt thou a thought ſo proud, ſo daring in thee
To be my rivall? Have I courted her
To her owne height, a Prince? and ſhall her vaſſall
Looke on her with an eye, leſſe then ſerves
The Altar with, becauſe ſhe is pleaſd ſome time
To laugh, and ſeeme indulgent to your ſervices
For her owne ſake, can you have braine to thinke
Such treaſon to her judgement, that ſhe loves you?
Or can ſhe be ſo loſt to truth and honour
Not to make good her promiſes to me
Religious as a contract, has ſhe not
Declard me worthy of her, and my love

The beſt of all the world. *Bo.* How was that Sir?
Fer. The beſt of all the world, tis not that I
Can be ſo poore in my eſteeme of her
Whoſe mention is ſacred, or my ſelfe
That I have any jealouſie thou canſt
Inherit poſſibly the hundredth part
Of any thought that points upon affection
Haſt thou no ſoule to apprehend thy ſcorne?
Nay did ſhe not, fearing thou might'ſt grow inſolent
Vpon her favours late declare herſelfe,
It was not love but mirth and wantonneſſe
Of revelling nights, commanding on thy life
Thou feede no ambition higher, or feede a thought
To her, beyond what waited upon dutie
You may remember this. *Bo.* Tis cleare, this none
Could tell him but her ſelfe, I finde too plaine
Who is the may-game of the Court, this laſt
Convinces me, your pardon mightie Sir
You love the Dutcheſſe.
Fer. Beſt ſhe will acknowledge
Of all mankind.
Bo. I have a letter to you,
I will not doubt my pardon when you reade it, (tain'd!
Tis to you Sir if there can bee a joy beyond what's there con-
Fer. Ha? I am bleſt,
Borgia let me imbrace thee my beſt friend
Dwell in my heart, divide with me *Ferrara*
Or *Vrbin*, any thing but the Dutcheſſe, ſay
Ile meet her in the Garden were it walld
With flaming Dragons, I have not a ſoule
Spacious enough to entertaine this happineſſe
Beyond my hope, above my life deare *Borgia*. *Exit.*
Bo. Beyond his hope? it ſeemes this joy was not
Expected umph, and I had no commiſſion
To give it him, after all this if ſhee
Meant it not this way, I ha' made fine worke,
She might ha' namd him, wud I had the paper
Agen, now doe I propheſie I have

Vndone

Vndone my ſelfe, and onely her grace meant
That I ſhould meet her, curſe upon my eaſineſſe;
I have loſt an opportunitie, no fate
Flatterd a mortall with the like, dull braines,
There's yet prevention, *genius* I thanke thee,
Tis poſſible I may ſecure the Garden
And boldly meet her firſt, if any deſtinie
Owe me this bleſſing with this art I may
Redeeme my folly, never man but I
Wud loſe ſo rich an opportunitie. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Dutcheſſe, Mercutio, Ladies.

Mer. MAdam I know not what to ſay, my heart
Is full of heartie zeale to obey you, but the place
You have confer'd upon my yeares, is much
Above my ſtrength to ſatisfie, yet I thanke you.
Dut. You have deſerv'd we ſhould encourage you
For what is paſt, your ſonne is full of hope
And may grow up a ſtateſman.
Mer. He owes all
To your infinite favors Madam, a young man,
And would be active upon your commands.
Dut. Leave us, ſtay my Lord we muſt employ you.
Mer. I have not life enough to ſerve you Madam,
My age is now a burthen, that I could
Shake off a ſcore of winters. *Dut.* There's no ſuch
Neceſſitie of youth to execute
The ſervice you deſigne, you love your ſonne.
Mer. Above my owne health Madam, and let me
Be bold to tell your grace, I love him better
For your ſake. *Dut.* For our ſake.
Mer. That he can carry
Himſelfe ſo hanſomely to deſerve your good
Opinion, every Courtier that's advanc'd
To a warme place, does not behave himſelfe
Alwayes to purpoſe.

Dut:

Dut. To what purpoſe Signior?

Mer. To pleaſe his Miſtreſſe, and I am, I muſt
Confeſſe proud of his expectations,
It makes my blood dance Madam.

Dut. You are very merry.

Mer. I hope to have more cauſe.

Dut. Well Sir, while we
Retire into the Garden, be it your care
We be not interrupted, give acceſſe
To none but *Borgia*, we have ſome privacies
Onely concerne his knowledge.

Mer. My ſonne *Borgia*.

Dut. Your ſonne, if you doe call him *Borgia*.

Mer. Shall I goe for him?

Dut. Hee'l be ſo officious
Perhaps to ſpare that trouble, if he come
Be diligent and admit him, *Exit.*

Mer. I ſhall Madam;
Shee's gone into the Garden, and commands
I give acceſſe to none but *Borgia*;
If he come, ſhe has given me another office
To keepe the doore, it has beene a preferment.
I will do't now in ſpight of my owne humour,
Ha boy! ſomething will come on't, if he have
The grace to nicke this opportunitie.

Enter Ferrara.

Fer. The evening waſtes a pace, I cannot be
Too ſoone at my deſires, whoes that?

Mer. Hee's come;
Already *Borgia*.

Fer. One ſtands Centinell,
Is that the word? who names *Borgia*.

Mer. My ſonne. *Fer.* The ſame.

Mer. This evening make thee happy, enter, no ceremony
I am not now againſt thy being a Duke,
Prove fortunate my boy, and bleſſe thy father. *Exit Fer.*
So, ſo, if it were noone, and the Sunne look'd
With his broad brighteſt eye upon's, there are

Convenient cozining Arbors, cost bestow'd
On pretty mazes, labyrinths of love;
You might be there secure, and entertaine
Sweet time, most tall and fashionable hedges
In whose inclosures, Ladies that are willing
May lose themselves, and the next walke no wiser;
Now I thinke ont, this Cloyster with the helpe
Of such an evening might be darke enough
For such a turne; many a gentlewoman
Has beene content to embrace upon worse termes.
Oh the Court lobbies, but I tell no tales,

Enter Borgia.

Another moving this way, by his favour
The Gardens taken up. *Bo.* Tis the best way
To say I am the Duke, that if he follow
He may prevent his owne accesse.
Mer. Vmph, umph.
Bor. That name will make the gates fly open to me.
And I passe undiscoverd.
Mer. What are you?
Bo. Here doe thy office, I am the Duke.
Mer. The Duke
Your grace must pardon me, I am commanded
To admit none, her highnesse will enjoy
The garden privatly.
Bo. Lord *Mercutio.*
Mer. Your servant, but in this my dutie must
Ayme at anothers pleasure, if you be
The Duke I cannot helpe it, I am but
Greene in my honours, and I would not forfeit 'em
With my owne head to boot in her first service.
Bo. Then Ile discover I am *Borgia*
Your sonne, your happy *Borgia*, be not you
The enemy and barre my glorious fortune,
The Dutchesse has commended me this evening
To meete her in the Garden, I can tell
Thee wonders old *Mercutio*, she loves me,
More I have an assurance from her hand

Shee'l make me Duke old lad.

Mer. Be not transported
For if you be my sonne doe you observe
You are yet but *Borgia*, and I your father
Old *Mercutio*, and old lad.

Bo. Your pardon Sir,
My joy of such a blisse allowes no bound,
Why are you slow to make your sonne the happiest
Of all mankinde, the evenings bigge with glory
Thē winds doe whisper gently whose I am,
The birds with Musicke waite to entertaine me
Into Loves Bower, the Trees bow to my entrance,
And she that is the Mistresse of all these
Will bid me welcome.

Mer. Are you *Borgia*.

Bor. There's death in these delayes, doe not you know me?
Or dare you not beleeve what I affirme
Touching the Dutchesse.

Mer. I beleeve you are
Borgia to my griefe, and doe beleeve
What you have said; her grace did appoint me
To waite here, and commanded I should give
Accesse to none but *Borgia*, de'e marke?
She was pleasd to tell me, she had businesse onely
Concern'd your knowledge, I dispute not what,
But 'tis some excellent affaire I am confident,
She was so merry about the lippes and eyes
And praisd you to my face.

Bo. If this have faith w'ee
Why am not I admitted?

Mer. All in good time.

Bo. The gates should spread themselves.

Mer. They shall not neede, Ile teach them with lesse trouble,
But first I have a suite to you.

Bo. To me,
Speake and command it.

Mer. Tis within mans remembrance
That you did want a pardon, now begge mine,

And make what other conditions with the Dutcheſſe
You pleaſe.
Bo. Your pardon?
Mer. Yes I am parcell Traytor
Againſt my will, and too much care about
My office made me abuſe it, I admitted
Another gentleman, that deceiv'd me with
Your name, and how her grace may puniſh me
Is in my feares, unleſſe you mediate for me.
Bo. Did any take my name?
Mer. Yes, and at firſt
Sound I diſcharg'd my dutie the wrong way
And let him in.
Bo. In? whether?
Mer. Into the Dutcheſſe.
Bo. I am undone, this minute, I am blaſted;
It was the Duke upon my life.
Mer. The Duke, it may be ſo, although 'twere duskiſh
Me thought he carried more compaſſe with him;
But why ſhould he take your name?
Bo. Loſt for ever.
Mer. You found I had no zeale to his, how ever
Loſe no more time; your power with her grace
May ſet all ſtreight, and purchaſe me a pardon.
Bo. Be rather loſt as I am in thy dotage,
Thou haſt depriv'd me of the wealthieſt harveſt
That ever Sunne-beames ſhin'd on.
Mer. Does he thou me?
How would he domineere and he were Duke?
Bo. My fortune bleeds to death, tis now too late
That paper ruines all my hope, and were
We equall, ſhe would ſcorne my want of confidence
And laugh me out o'th world.
Mer. Hee's very paſſionate.
Bo. But there's no dwelling in this Wilderneſſe,
Things paſt are paſt ſorrow, there is yet
A way to binde my wound up and ſecure
My health, though not a life with ſo much ſtate

As was expected, instantly Ile to
Cornelia, I know she loves me still,
At worst a little passion bestow'd
On her, with clearing I am another brother
Makes her my owne, and keepes me from the Pasquill;
I shall be jeer'd to dust else, there's my rest,
He that loves more then one is seldome blest. *Exit.*

Mer. Hee's gone and I am like to suffer for't,
By your highnesse favour I will waite no longer
To be chastiz'd, but when your grace is weary,
You shall not neede to strike me at the doore;
Tis open and I vanish in the darke;
Stay and Ile send some others to attend you,
You will want light, my sonne shall be no Duke
I perceive now, nor will I be a Courtier;
But me to keepe the dore? *Exit.*

Enter Cornelia, Laura, and Melinda.

Cor. Did she dismisse you then?
Lau. 'Twas not her pleasure
We should attend.
Mel. We left my Lord *Mercutio*
Your father with her.
Cor. Went she towards the Garden?
Lau. Yes, where's your brother *Borgia*?
Cor. I know not.
Mel. He is infinitely beholding to her grace,
She never mentions him without a flourish:
I know not, but if I have any skill
In lookes or language, there is something more
Then common in her highnesse breast meant toward him
Lau. Shee may be in love.
Cor. In love with whom?
Lau. Your brother.
Cor. I blush to heare your weakenesse, I hope he
Hath more wit then to build vaine hopes on that;
Eagles stoope not to flies.
Mel. But the Wren
Couch'd underneath the aspiring Eagles wings.

Quickly advance it ſelfe when to'thers mounted
And glories in her hight, tis but a ſtep
And the ſmall thing is King of birds, the fable
Has pretty moralls in't.
Cor. I am not ſure
A rebell in my nature to his fortune,
But dare not pawne my owne diſcretion
To take up your opinions. *Enter Pietro:*
Pie. Signior *Piſauro* your brothers friend deſires
To ſpeake with you.
Lau. Wee'l leave you Madam, by this time her grace
May want our duties. *Enter Piſauro.*
Piſ. Did I fright you Ladies, looke better on me.
Lau. We have ſeene you round Sir.
Piſ. But doe not know what's in me.
Mel. We deſire
To die in that pretious ignorance. *Exit.*
Piſ. This Lady I hope's not of your minde.
Cor. Your pleaſure
My ſervant ſaies you would ſpeake with me?
Piſ. If you
Remember Lady I was bold to urge
A little counſell on you, how it faſtens
I come to underſtand.
Cor. What counſell Sir.
Piſ. About your brother Signior *Borgia.*
Cor. Pleaſe you aſſiſt my memory.
Piſ. Why it was
But this, I had a kinde of feare you lovd
This brother Madam.
Cor. Would you have me be
So impious not to affect my brother.
Piſ. But you lov'd him the wrong way, de'e heare luſtily
You underſtand, with the deſire of coupling:
There lies no diſpenſation for that locke,
Tis impious and abhominable, you had better
I'th ſtate you are in keepe a Penſioner
To give you heats, a fellow that will venture

His body at all houres; then to offend once
With ſo much ſinne to nature.
Cor. Doe you thinke
I am a Monſter Signior?
Piſ. Better marry
An honeſt man and make one a great deale:
Your husband may be excuſd i'th progreſſe Lady,
Beſides he may have faults, a negligence
In's viſits, or miſtaking of his times,
When you are invited by another Lord
To a banquet, or take phyſicke, or the aire
Appointed by your Doctor, there are reaſons
To excuſe an active Lady that is married
But to affect your brother ſo, inexpiable.
Cor You have invention enough to furniſh
The Court with vice, how e're you ſeeme to have
Care of my ſoule, pray give me pardon Sir,
Doe you ever meane to marry?
Piſ. Marry? oh yes.
Cor. Not a Court Lady ſure.
Piſ. One of that tribe to chuſe.
Cor. Without the feare
Of being ſuch a monſter made by her
Whoſe wantonneſſe you wittily have characted.
Piſ. I'ha read my deſtinie, ſhe that I ſhall marry
Will be very honeſt, exceeding chaſt as I
Shall be to her, I did but tell you what
Whirligigs are i'th world, and that 'twere better
And ſafer for your conſcience to be one
Of *Venus* order, and keepe tame a Groome
A ſtallian Dormant then embrace a brother.
Cor. What ſhould incline you
To imagine me ſo loſt to modeſtie?
What have you read in me to make you thinke
I love my brother ſo?
Piſ. My charitie.
Cor. There's little charitie in thoſe ſuſpitions.

Have you no other argument.
Pis. Your brother
Told me himselfe you lov'd him strangely.
Cor. So,so.
Pis. Nay,nay he was i'th same pickle.
Cor. He told
You that himselfe too.
Pis. Yes,yes, till I tamper'd with him
And sacrific'd his flesh with ghostly counsell,
Read Law and Lectures,I will tell you Madam
He was once so overgrowne with love, he had
Resolv'd to tell you he was not your brother,
And rather then be frustrate of his hopes
Vow'd to forsweare it,and subborne testimony
He was no kin to you,borne I know not where,
And never saw the towne afore, whose people
Had all this while cozend themselves,with an
Opinion he was *Borgia*;here's a youth now,
Did he ne're deale with you to such a purpose.
Cor. Never, he wud not be so wicked sure.
Pis. Did you ever heare the like? you know it now,
Thanke heaven and a good friend that told you this;
A friend that wud not see this pretty vessell
Lost i'th' quick-sands,when both goods and it
May be his owne another day: I love you
And none shall doe you wrong.
Cor. I should be ingratefull
Not to acknowledge Sir this noble office
Meant to preserve me.
Pis. That was my pure meaning,
You may requite it if you please.
Cor. With love.
Pis. 'Tis the reward my ambition first aymes at.
Cor. I love my brother now in his owne place,
And being his bosome friend I will not question,
But to enlarge my knowledge of your worth
And take me nearer to me for his Character,

And free consent.

Pis. Vmph, now you blesse me Lady,
If his hopes thrive in the Dutchesse as I doubt not
I am made, Ile seeke him out, I wish no better
Testimony, he shall not giue you unders hand.

Cor. No haste.

Pis. He knowes me to a thought, nay, nay
He shall doo't presently, if I can light on him.

Cor. To morrow Signior, I suspect it not.

Pis. It does concerne my honour, tis done instantly.
She may be cold e're morning, Ile not lose
This opportunitie, I am made for ever. *Exit.*

Cor. He has an odde way of Courtship, sure my brother,
Vnlesse he know him better then this wildnesse
Can promise, will be sparing to contract
Our hearts too fast, he has but a rough outside,
But my strange thoughts within me are corrected,
And I possesse my selfe againe thanke providence,
Vrsini.

Enter Vrsini.

Vrs. Madam I am bold to presse
On your retirement, but when you remember
I bring no mutinous thoughts, but such as are
Devoted to your service, you will thinke it
A trespasse that may soone invite a pardon.

Cor. You must first practise to offend my Lord,
This is favour to me.

Vrs. Still such goodnesse
Flowes from your language to me at the first
Encounter; but when I take boldnesse to
Have some assurance from you alone,
Which I have hop'd and serv'd for, with the truth
Of your best honorer, you decline the subject,
Or flie the sweet conclusion.

Cor. My Lord,
That you have lov'd, at least profess'd so much,
May easily be granted, but let me

Beseech you Sir, did you upon the first
Motion that wrought upon your minde to thinke
Me worthy of your love acquaint me with it.
Urs. No Madam,
I long cherish'd the soft fire
That tryed the pureness of it, and the object
That shot so bright a flame into my bosome,
And had suppress it still, but that your vertue
Grew up too powerfull against it, then
I tooke leave to expresse how much I wish'd
To be your votary.
Cor. Give me equall licence
My Lord in the same cause to try my selfe,
I have thoughts too would be compos'd of something
In you to be examin'd.
Urs. I submit,
And shall obey your censure, life and death
Hange on your lippe, I come to be determin'd
Your servant or your sacrifice, for to languish
At distance thus.
Cor. Then you expect an answer
Presently, I much feare my Lord I shannot,
In that particular, satisfie your Lordship.
Urs. You want no knowledge of me, there is nothing
In my past fate but may appeare to you,
My nature needs no glosse, my blood, my fortune
Cleare to your view, my person not much witherd,
If these together want a charme, I can
Deserve you may love, for I know best
The extent of my devotions, and the heart
That tho you should despise it must still serve you.
Cor. But good my Lord what answer you to this?
Is it becomming the discretion
Of a noble servant to persue his mistris
By unruly wayes, and interpose commands
And power of great ones to enforce the heart
Of any Lady: though I must confesse

Her grace may challenge my obedience
To her law and perſon, it has beene yet a rule,
And love and religion cannot be compel'd
Urſ. You doe not conclude me, if I obtain'd
A favour from the Dutcheſſe to propound
My wiſhes, and plead for me, I know well
The ſoule is not her ſubject, could her power
Beſtow your body on me, and that I
Could boaſt my ſelfe Lord of beautious frame
Without your minde, I were more tyrant to
Accept then ſhe to force, and anſwer for
A crime more fatall then the raviſhers.

Enter Pietro.

Pie. Your brother Madam.
Cor. If I have any power
My Lord you muſt not leave me, yet I would
Entreate your ſmall retreate behinde the hangings
For a few minuts.
Urſ. Your command's a favour.

Enter Borgia.

Bo. Oh *Cornelia.*
Cor. What's the matter brother.
Bo. Are you alone.
Cor. You ſee my company.
Bo. De'e love me.
Cor. Love you brother, what have I
Done to beget your doubt.
Bor. But doe you love me
More then a ſiſter? if I were not *Borgia*,
Remove from us the common tie of blood
Which is not love, but forc'd of nature in us,
Could you affect me then, then if I anſwerd
This honour with a true and noble flame
Vpon ſuch brave conditions, *Cornelia*
Could our hearts meete and marry?
Cor. This were ſtrange,
But not ſo ſtrange that we ſhould love.

Bo. Then pardon
Faireſt *Cornelia*, and make him bleſt
Whoſe very ſoule dotes on thee, I have but
Vſurp'd the name of *Borgia*, I can give
Thee proofe.

Cor. 'Tis come about.

Enter Piſauro.

Bo. Piſauro welcome
The man of all mankind, moſt wiſht for welcome:
Madam this gentleman can witneſſe I am
None of your brother, we were bred together,
Both borne in *Millan*, and my name is
Aurelio Androzzi ſonne to *Paulo*
Androzzi major *domo* to the Dukedome,
My friend too of a noble family.

Piſ. Did not I tell you this.

Bo. Weary of home
We both engag'd our ſelves to try our fortune
Abroad, and for the warres had laſt deſigned
Our ſelves, we tooke but *Urbin* in the way,
Where ſome good ſtarres detain'd us, and I taken
For *Borgia* purſued thus farre the ſtory.

Cor Ha, ha, ha.

Bo. De'e laugh at me, *Piſauro* ſhee's incredulous!
Speake and convince her with thy teſtimony.

Piſ. I have told enough already.

Bo. She wants faith.

Cor. That gentleman prepar'd me for this hiſtory.
Doe you not bluſh brother? Sir I thanke you.

Piſ. I am ſorry for his impudence.

Bo. Cornelia,
Piſauro Why art thou ſilent.

Piſ. I tell you I did ſpeake to her.

Cor. 'Tis time I then diſpoſe my ſelfe.

Piſ. Now my happineſſe.

Cor. My Lord I pray come forth.

Enter Vrſini.

You Gentlemen by your owne confeſſions
Are ſtrangers to me, and altho I doe not
Diſtruſt heavens providence, I ſhall not ſinne
To give my freedome up where I am knowne;
My Lord if you accept *Cornelia*
Shee's thus confirm'd your owne.

Vrſ. With greater joy
Then I would take an Empire, this drops peace
Vpon my brothers aſhes, and unites
For ever our two families.

Piſ. Where's the Dutcheſſe?

Bo. I prithee doe not vexe me.

Piſ. Doe not vexe
Thy ſelfe, come wee're at large, our conſtitution
Would ha' beene troubled with a wife, we have
The world before us, ſtore of game is neceſſary,
The Dutcheſſe.

Enter Dutcheſſe, Ferrara, Pietro, Iulio, Lucia, Laura Melinda.

Dut. You now poſſeſſe us freely, the next morning
Shall ſpread this joy through *Vrbin.*

Vrſ. We are happy
And every heart congratulates.

Fer. We thanke you
Signior *Vrſini*, you have beene faithfull to us.

Dut. Is your name *Borgia*?

Bo. No Madam,

Dut. Where's our letter?
We did not thinke y'ad beene ſo apprehenſive,
You ſee it now confirm'd, we hope you had
No thought we meant it otherwiſe, be prudent
And carefull in your province, heaven I ſee
Wud have it thus, and reſiſte our folly.

Enter Mercutio.

Mer. Your pardon gratious Madam.

Dut. Signior,
We thanke your diligence, poſſeſſe our favour.

And know the Duke.

Mer. I am one of the worſt keepers of a dore,

Duk. No more, all's well.

Mer. I'me glad ont.

Urſ. Sir your bleſſing.

Cor. Madam your ſmiles upon us and we cannot
Deſpaire of happineſſe.

Mer. But where's *Borgia?*

Bo. I know not Sir.

Fer. Riſe ever fortunate.

Pimponio within. Oyes, oyes.

Duk. What's the matter?

Lu. A foole has loſt his maſter, and thus cries him
About the Court.

Piſ. *Pimponio* a' my conſcience.

Enter Pimponio.

Pim Oyes;
If any man there be
In towne or in countree
Can tell me of a wight
Was loſt but yeſter night,
His name was I know
Signior *Aurelio,*
By theſe markes he is knowne,
He had a buſh of his owne,
Two eyes in their place
And a noſe on his face,
His beard is very thinne
But no haire on his chinne,
Bring word to the cryer
His deſolate ſquire,
And for this fine feate
Take what you can get;
And heaven bleſſe *Pimponio*, for no body knownes me
And I know no body elſe to pray for.

Cor. Hee's not my brother indeed then.

Mer. Nor my ſonne.

Piſ. 'Tis too true Maddam, here, here's thy maſter

Pim. No, no, that's Signior *Borgia*, doe not deceive your selfe
Bo. We are both deceiv'd *Pimponio* shall I hope
Of your free pardon Madam for all trespasses?
My Lord your breath is powerfull.
Dut. Rise *Aurelio.*
Fer. And be deare to us.
Mer. I hope the pardon's firme.
Dut. Irrevocable.
Mer. I'le dispatch letters then to *Naples*, thence
He did salute me last, how were we cosend!
But Sir I thanke you for my *Borgias* pardon.
Cor. Although it be cleare now y'are not my brother
Pray take my poore acknowledgement, I shall
Be proud for your sake, to preserve your friendship.
Bor. May your hopes prosper in him; now we two
With licence of your excellence may
Prosecute our designe agen for the warres.
Dut. If nothing else at Court invite your stay
We lay commands upon you as our servant
That you see all our ceremonies finish'd,
To celebrate this happy union
You must be both our guests.
Pim. Doe let us feast
And fortifie our selves, we shall have
Our bellies full of fighting time enough.
Pis. Thinkes your grace so?
Dut. Subjects may love as their rude sense imparts,
But heaven doth onely governe Princes hearts.

FINIS.